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"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—*Theodore Roosevelt*

WITH OUR READERS

Armenia for the Armenians

To the Editor: *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

SIR—The Armenians are highly flattered by Mr. Lincoln Steffens' interview with Colonel Lawrence of Arabia, which appeared in your issue of October 14th last. He states that the Armenians are the most perfect people on the earth, almost too intelligent to live, however, it will surprise him that the Armenians don't agree with him entirely, they feel that if they had a one-thousandth part of English craftiness and Machiavellian diplomatic sense they would not have been the most unhappy people on the face of the globe.

The Colonel, who deplores the fact that the Turks did not do a complete job and advocates the complete annihilation of Armenians, does not tell us something new. This practice of exterminating Armenians has been carried on by civilized and Christian Europe through the barbarous Turk over half a century. First, there was the changing of the San Stefano treaty by England which was meant for the protection of Armenians by Russia. Disraeli's famous words, "Peace with Honour," really meant the blood of millions of Armenians and other Balkan peoples. Then came the tyrannical policy of Czarist Russia; Armenia without Armenians, for the latter's stupid refusal to accept the Russian Orthodox Church. During the great massacres of 1895, England received as a compensation for her friendly "neutrality" the Island of Cyprus. Again England, to realize her scheme of domination during the World War, instead of attacking Turkey from the Gulf of Alexandretta, went wild-goose chasing for four years in the deserts of Arabia and Mesopotamia for no other purpose than to be away from the Armenian massacre scene and wait for the chance to grab more lands. The above plan was insisted upon by Lord Kitchener of Khartum. It would have cut off over twelve million people from the rest of Turkey, therefore smashing the backbone of the enemy's army. Meanwhile it would have saved millions of Armenian lives and the most horrible massacre of history which was encouraged and directed by the German imperialism for the same cowardly purpose—domination and elimination of the unexploitable element—and to make the drama more tragic, even France in 1921 withdrew her army from Cilicia without warning, leaving her fighting Armenian comrades and thousands of Armenian refugees to the mercy of the bloody Turk.

Colonel Lawrence is deliberately lying when he debases the Armenian character by calling them exploiters, lazy, dishonest and parasites. He may be a good plotter and a clever propagandist for His Majesty's Government, but when it comes to history and character of other people he does not know anything about it. How can they be exploiters when they have never governed and have been exploited by foreigners themselves for centuries? The Armenians have lived honorably and by the sweat of their brows, the only race which has existed by its toil alone and not by plunder of others. To see this one has only to look at the present economic plight of Turkey without hard-working and creative Armenians. For their honesty, Colonel Lawrence ought to inquire of the Turks, who entrusted their financial affairs to Armenians. As to their being parasites, this mysterious personage makes himself appear ridiculously ignorant of facts. How could they be parasites when they had to carry on their backs millions of Turkish parasites for centuries?

Let no nation bother itself as to who shall carry out this unpleasant task of exterminating Armenians in order to make the world safe from the Armenian domination and exploitation. Perhaps it will not be so easy a job, as they are used to it. The Armenians are not the step-children of this inhospitable world, they are not alone any longer, they have now a great nation as protector and this nation is mighty —Soviet Russia. It took Armenians over fifty years and millions of lives to learn this very simple truth that Russia is their only natural protector and without her they have no ground in this world alone.

After all, Colonel Lawrence is right, the Armenians are too intelligent to be exploited, they prefer to be the toilers of Soviet Russia than the slaves of British or any other parasites.

LEO GANANIAN.

Fly in the Ointment

To the Editor: *Fulton, Mo.*

SIR—As much as I like your paper I abominate your un-American position on prohibition. Of course the people who live along the Atlantic seaboard don't understand America, and belong rather more to the Old World than the New. As I have lived in the East as well as the Central West and also some years in Germany, I think I may have some excuse for making such a statement. I can only hope that your prohibition views will be the one serious lapse of your excellent paper.

C. A. MCPHEETERS.

Who's Loony Now?

To the Editor: *Boston*

SIR—I did not care especially for President Hoover and had a few criticisms for him, but after the abuse and vile accusations you have heaped upon him I have come to the conclusion that he is doing his work as well as any man could do it and I am sure that under psychopathic test you would find that you are not really sane. They tell us that we are all insane on at least one subject, and on prohibition and President Hoover you show the caliber of a street-brawler instead of an editor. Keep up your narrow two-by-four methods and you will join the army of unemployed. Our librarian tells me that the OUTLOOK used to rank high among the magazines and now she said people glance it over and never take it home, even the high school students say there's nothing in it but abuse against any one who is really doing any thing to better the world. I don't flatter myself that you will change your way of doing. I think you are not quite normal, but if a new editor is chosen I will probably read your magazine again.

R. E. J. ROWE.

Short But Sweet

To the Editor: *Amsterdam, N. Y.*

SIR—The OUTLOOK is my favorite magazine. It is the only magazine of which I read every word. I like men with something to say and pluck enough to say it—two gifts which are much less common than one would think.

J. A. MANEY.

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Next Week

Manchuria: A Japanese View
By K. K. Kawakami

The American correspondent of the Tokio *Hochi Shimbun,* who has spent many years in Manchuria, explains the aims of the Japanese. He charges that the Chinese adopted a pinpricking policy and constantly disregarded treaty obligations.

The Scourge of the Schools
By Edgar W. Knight

Depression has hit education with a vengeance. Widespread salary cuts and other economies harass the pedagogues, and critics have assailed parts of our educational system as foolish and futile. An article by an educator who says that many schoolmasters are merely mechanics.

How T. R. Took Panama
Roosevelt: A Serial Biography
By Henry F. Pringle

Roosevelt wrote that he took Panama without consulting the Cabinet. A storm of criticism and controversy followed the separation of Panama from Colombia, as told in this installment. Here are many new facts in one of the most exciting episodes in his Administration.

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"IT'S THE SPIRIT OF THE THING THAT COUNTS!"

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OUTLOOK
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▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*Finland Is Not America*

As THE only other dry country in the world, Finland is naturally well thought of by all right-thinking Americans. We must say, though, that it can't hold a candle to the U. S. A. when it comes to making a prohibition investigation. Last winter the Finnish government appointed a commission to investigate the workings of the law which since 1919 has outlawed beverages containing more than two per cent of alcohol. And that's where it went wrong right off the bat. It should, of course, have appointed a commission to investigate, not the prohibition law particularly, but the observance and enforcement of all law. Getting away to this bad start, the commission has naturally submitted recommendations at which Americans will hardly be able to repress a smile. They're so naïvely blunt. Why, the commissioners actually speak right out so that every one can understand them. They say the Finnish prohibition law is insupportable, and that it should be modified to permit the manufacture and sale of 3.2 per cent beer and 12 per cent wine. Just like that! Figures and everything!

Of course that isn't the proper way to conduct a prohibition investigation, as every American knows. The proper way is first to unearth and summarize all the facts and then make recommendations which flatly disregard them, thereby confusing every one. The body of the report should be wet, the conclusions dry. Moreover, the commissioners who sign the dry report should submit individual opinions showing that most of them are wet. The report should say that the commissioners do not favor repeal and do not favor modification; then it should imply, without really saying, that they do favor a certain form of revision. As final touch, the president should stress parts of the report he likes, repudiate parts he doesn't like and totally misrepresent it in submitting it to the national legislature.

That's the right way to conduct a prohibition investigation. That's the American way. The Finns ought to come over to God's country and have a talk with Mr. Wickersham.

▸▸*Irrepressible Amos*

STATISTICS hold no terrors for Prohibition Commissioner Amos Woodcock. They inspire him. A less resourceful Commissioner might have been discomfited when the number of Federal prohibition arrests decreased from 6,658 in September to 5,756 in October. Mr. Woodcock, however, immediately made the deduction that "whenever the number of Federal cases begins to fall off enforcement is becoming more effective, provided there is no let-up on the part of the agents." So, since there hasn't been any let-up, Mr. Woodcock is pleased. Yet if fewer arrests really mean more effective enforcement, why was he in such good spirits last June? Why was he so eager to announce that there had been 40,000 more arrests in the eleven months then ending than in the corresponding eleven months of the year preceding? If fewer arrests mean more effective enforcement, more arrests must mean less effective enforcement. One would assume that in June Mr. Woodcock should have been crying his eyes out.

▸▸*Home Loan System*

PRESIDENT HOOVER has made a constructive move in proposing the establishment by Congress of a system of Home Loan Discount Banks. While his plan is a revision of that proposed late in October by Senator Bulkley of Ohio, the revision is more than superficial. Though the two have the same general objective—to provide credit to banks on real estate mortgages held by them—Senator Bulkley would provide it by extending the existing system of Farm Loan Banks, Mr. Hoover by creating an entirely new system. Moreover, Senator Bulkley's plan is designed as an emergency measure, Mr. Hoover's as a permanent addition to our financial structure.

Mr. Hoover's system is to be welcomed for the same basic reason that the Federal Reserve System was welcomed —i. e., because it is a sound plan to serve a useful function. The depression has shown the need for means of discounting mortgage-secured notes held by banks and building and loan associations. Unable to convert these notes into cash—as member banks of the Federal Reserve convert other notes into cash—these banks and associations are neither able to extend new credit nor to renew all of the old. Hence credit for building operations is curtailed just as credit for industrial operations was curtailed before the Federal Reserve System enabled bankers to secure cash on their loans to industry.

Mr. Hoover would meet this situation by setting up a Home Loan Discount Bank in each of the twelve Federal Reserve districts to discount the real estate notes of banks and associations which become members of the home loan system. Under his plan the central banks would secure loan funds, first, by sale of capital stock to the member banks and,

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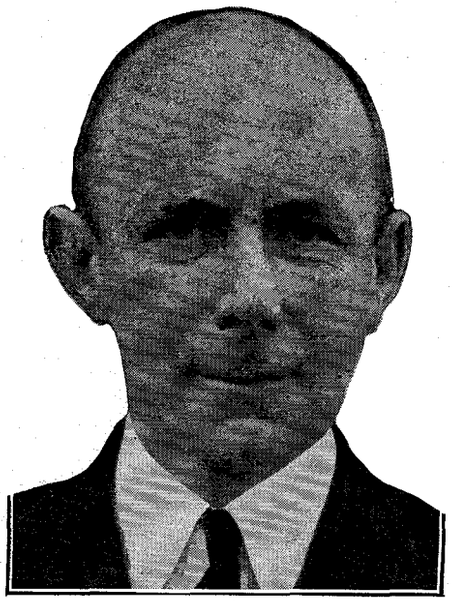
if necessary, to the federal government, and, secondly, by sale of bonds secured by the real estate notes themselves. The



DRY HEAD
Prohibition Commissioner Amos W. W. Woodcock

fact that the federal government is called upon to help finance the system will doubtless provoke many objections to the Hoover plan. Here, however, Mr. Hoover has good precedent, for the federal government originally helped to finance the Federal Reserve System itself.

▸▸*Its Possible Effects*

THOUGH THE President's home loan plan is well conceived, it is not a panacea for hard times. Even though Congress approves it at once, it will neither cure this depression nor prevent another. Nor will it start a home building boom overnight, as one might gather from Mr. Hoover's prospectus. The proposed system could relieve the strain on its member banks only gradually. It could therefore start home building but slowly and to a limited extent.

The limitations and the gradual processes of the system deserve much more emphasis than Mr. Hoover's talk of building 200,000 homes and adding $2,000,000,000 to the national income. Securing the approval of Congress will be but one of the many steps necessary to start a large flow of credit to home builders. Even after the machinery of the Home Loan Discount banks is set up and their stock is sold to member banks and to the federal government, the cash available for discounting purposes will take care of only a small fraction of the discountable notes. It will be necessary for the central banks to discount one lot of notes and sell bonds on them, then discount another lot and sell bonds on them, and so on. All this will take time.

While the easing of credits will, of course, make some home building possible which otherwise would be impossible, it will not overcome all of the many obstacles to a building boom. For one thing, many sections are overbuilt already. Moreover, there is the necessity of potential home builders having some cash to couple with the credit, their reluctance to part with any cash at this time, their fear of losing jobs or parts of salaries, and their tendency to continue renting because of decreasing rents and increasing taxes. Supporters of the Home Loan system will do well to avoid too much optimism.

▸▸*A Woman in the Senate*

WE SHALL, perhaps, be pardoned if we decline to congratulate Arkansas for sending a woman to the Senate. We shall, perhaps, be forgiven if we express regret that Mrs. Thaddeus H. Caraway has been appointed to succeed her late husband in the upper house, which has had no other woman member, save for Mrs. Rebecca Felton of Georgia, who served for twenty-four hours in 1922. Whether Mrs. Caraway holds office until the special election of January 12, or whether she is then elected and holds office until the unexpired term ends in March, 1933, makes little difference. It will be an unfortunate affair in either event.

That Mrs. Caraway is both competent and charming may be taken for granted. But that she has any special qualification for her new position is not apparent. It is said of her—as, more gallantly than accurately, of the wives of most public men—that she always discussed public questions with her husband and was his close adviser. That, if true, is something, but it is hardly enough.

The chief objection to this appointment, however, has nothing to do with the appointee's ability. It is that it tends to extend the "congressional widow" custom, which, because of the sentimentality of electorates and officials with appointing power, has now become alarmingly well established. In the end these widowed women legislators, unless they show far more talent than they have done so far, are bound to injure the case for women in public office, bound to keep intelligent women from seeking public office and to keep intelligent voters from supporting them.

The House and Senate both need women of proved experience and ability; they might well constitute a large proportion of the total membership. But they should be chosen solely for their own attainments and capabilities. They should not be chosen because they happen to be the widows of popular public men. We believe that Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow saw this and on it based her refusal to take a seat in the Senate which she could have had for the asking.

▸▸*Canada's Communists*

IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE that Canada will really carry out her plans for a Red-hunt on a national scale. A week or so ago a jury at Toronto found eight Communist defendants guilty of belonging to an unlawful organization. According to the presiding judge, the party itself had been on trial as much as the eight defendants and, when the jury brought in its verdict, was convicted of being illegal. Hence, the party's property may be confiscated and its members are liable to arrest. Plans are therefore under way for a grand and gaudy round-up.

As soon as the Canadian authorities have time for calm second thought, however, we expect them to call it off. Sooner or later they will see that this wholesale corralling of Communists is unnecessary and bound to be futile. It is unnecessary because there are not more than 5,000 Communists in all Canada, with its population of 10,000,000. It

International
SENATOR-DESIGNATE
Mrs. Thaddeus H. Caraway, new member of the Upper House

is bound to be futile because the oppression of political minorities, unless it is altogether ruthless—as it is in Russia and

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Italy and as it never could be in Canada —is apt to end by defeating its own purpose. It is impossible to change political

Keystone

IDEALIST ON ARMS
Alanson B. Houghton, former American Ambassador to Germany

opinions or to stop their spread merely by giving their possessors a year or two or three in prison. When the excitement over her Red-hunt had died down, Canada probably would find that the number of Communist sympathizers had increased.

If Canada wishes to learn how to handle her Communists, let her look to the mother country. England makes no attempt to outlaw the Communist party or to round up and jail its members. Yet the English Communists have no influence whatever and the number of votes cast for Communist candidates in the October 27 elections was scarcely large enough to be worth counting. No doubt the liberal attitude toward minorities is dreadfully old-fashioned, but there are still quite a few countries in which it seems to work out pretty well.

▶▶*France Holds the Key*

LITTLE BY LITTLE, American observers begin to see that the outcome of the world arms conference scheduled to be held at Geneva in February will depend on the participants' sense of security. More specifically, it will depend on the sense of security felt by France, and France, as she emphasized even before unofficial warfare broke out in Manchuria, does not feel secure at all.

Starting from this premise, Alanson B. Houghton, former Ambassador to Germany, drew an astounding conclusion in his recent speech in New York. It was his contention that the other great powers should agree to reduce their armaments even if France does not. He felt sure that France "at the moment will take no steps toward further disarmament." But, he said: "I do not believe that a French refusal to disarm further is an adequate and sufficient reason why the other powers—America, Britain, Germany, Italy, Japan and the rest—should also refuse."

This is hardly the statement of a realist, even though it comes from one who has studied international politics at close range. In fact it is altogether and obviously visionary. It is tantamount to saying that a nation can or should determine the size of its armament without reference to the armament of a possible opponent—as if one could take adequate steps to defend oneself without thought of the weapons with which one might be attacked.

Can Mr. Houghton see Italy reducing armaments unless France does? Or Britain unless France and Italy do? Or the United States unless Britain does, or Japan unless the United States does? Does he think it a mere accident that Italy has desired a navy as strong as the French, or Britain a navy as strong as the French and Italian together, or the United States a navy as strong as Britain's? What does Mr. Houghton think armaments are for?

If Americans really wish disarmament they must stop expecting something for nothing and must prepare to meet some of the French demands for increased security. For France will refuse to reduce her armaments unless she has political agreements to depend on instead, and, if France refuses, the other nations will refuse as well. "Does the fact that France will not disarm further mean the other nations should not, and, indeed, cannot?" Mr. Houghton asks. The answer, alas! is yes.

▶▶*Naval "Economy"*

AT THE OUTSET OF President Hoover's drive for naval economy we described it as much ado about nothing. We entertain no better opinion of it now that he has announced an agreement with the Navy Department on the naval budget for the year beginning July 1, 1932. Mr. Hoover, of course, has had his way; the budget contains the economies he wished. But let us see if they are so drastic as he would have us believe.

The new naval budget is fixed at $343,000,000 which is $17,000,000 less than the appropriations for the current year. What Mr. Hoover is doing, then, is cutting naval expenditures 4.7 cents on the dollar—no remarkable feat considering the depressed prices of commodities bought by the navy. The Navy Department, however, spends but a fraction of the total federal budget; in our total federal expenditures Mr. Hoover's naval economies represent a cut of less than one-half of one per cent.

Under the budget, moreover, $67,000,000 will be spent for actual naval construction—$11,000,000 more than was spent for this purpose during the boom year ending June 30, 1929, $4,000,000 more than is being spent for it during the current year. To get the full meaning of these facts, recall the statement by the Hoover committee which investigated the recent charges of the Navy League—the statement that "the United States has under construction at the present time a larger tonnage than any other power." Here we are, outbuilding the world. And here is Mr. Hoover asking that naval building funds be increased. How he can characterize this as "rigid economy" only he and heaven know.

▶▶*Letter to a Prince*

IMAGINARY letter from King Carol of Rumania to Prince Nicolas on the occasion of the latter's elopement with a young lady not of noble birth:

My dear Brother:

Mother, Magda—I mean Helen—

ANKLED UP AN ALTAR?
Prince Nicolas of Rumania, who, it is asserted—and denied, has contracted a morganatic marriage

and I are terribly upset to learn that you have married Mme. Jana Lucia Deletj. Don't you know, you dolt, that you've

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got to marry a Princess? Did I ever marry a commoner? Yes, I know I did, but nevertheless it is our bounden duty, as scions of a great ruling house, to consort only with women of our own exalted rank and to weld, through marriage, felicitous relationships with other reigning houses of Europe. Get me?

Listen, is Jana as swell looking as they say? They say she is slender, with dark hair and eyes. I remember once—of course, I'm partial to red hair, myself—what I mean to say is, mere beauty is not everything. See?

So you want to go into exile with Jana, do you? Take a tip from me, exile is the bunk. A few paragraphs in the papers and then every one forgets who you are. I mean, though we Princes may often wish we were as free as other men to follow our own inclinations, we must remember that we are, in fact, set apart. Our first duty is to our country. Voluntary exile, merely for the sake of our own selfish wishes, amounts to a betrayal of the people.

Be a good egg, now, and annul this marriage and forget it. You know what I mean. Marry a Princess, settle down and have a son and the newspapers will let you alone. That is, there can be no lasting happiness for you until you have fulfilled your God-given destiny—to make a suitable marriage and know the supreme joy of honorable fatherhood—a sturdy son in whose veins runs, untainted, the blood of kings and who, in due time, may take the sceptre from your faltering hand, and, wielding it, shed new glory on your noble name. Of course, though, you don't want to let the kid get hold of the sceptre before you've had a crack at it yourself.

Well, I just thought I'd write. Magda—I mean Helen—and Mother join me in deep regrets at the step which you have taken. We're telling everybody you're still single. That's our story and we'll stick to it. As ever,

CAROL.

▶▶*Roosevelt Ahead*

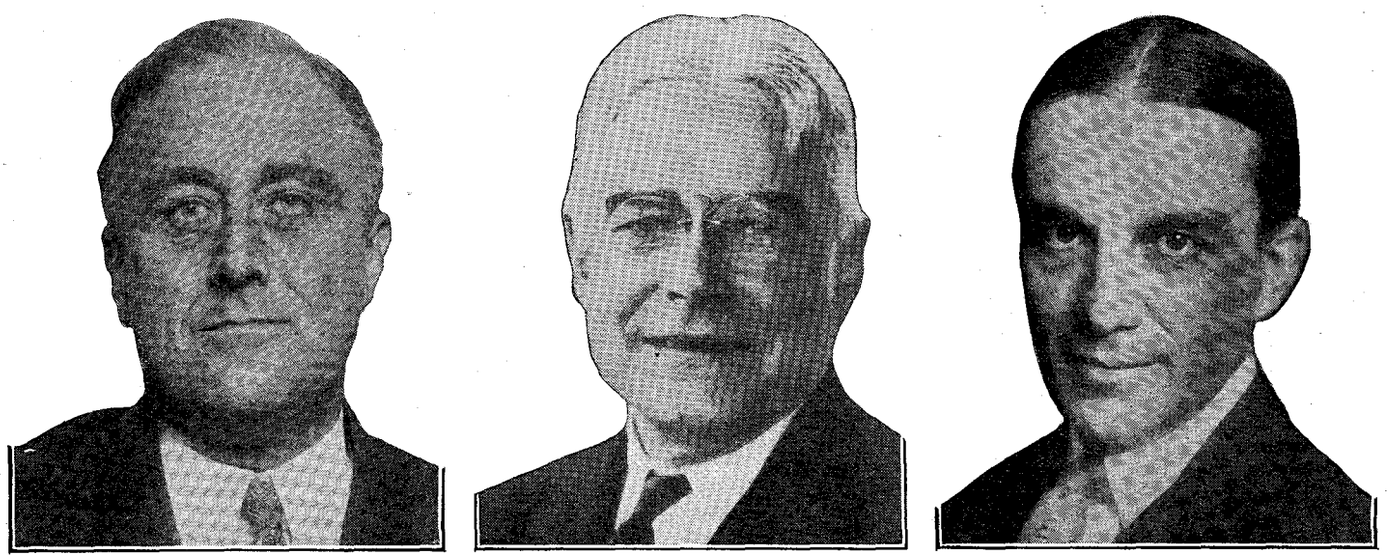
THERE cannot be the slightest doubt that Franklin D. Roosevelt is the country's favorite candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. The fact became clear long since. It becomes clearer every day. The latest national poll, taken by Jesse Isidor Straus of New York City among small business men in all states except New York, shows the Governor far out in front. The questionnaire was sent to business men with a capital of from $5,000 to $35,000 in cities and towns of less than 100,000 population. Of the 1156 respondents, 806 voted for Roosevelt, who led in all the states except three—Maryland, which went for Ritchie, and Kansas and Oklahoma, which went for Alfalfa Bill Murray. Roosevelt received nearly nine times the number of votes given to his nearest competitor, former Governor Smith, and more than twice as many as all the other candidates together.

Impressive enough in itself, the result is doubly impressive when considered in connection with earlier Straus polls. In May Mr. Roosevelt proved to be the choice of the delegates and alternates who attended the last Democratic national convention. Since then he has come out on top in three other polls taken among corporation directors, bank presidents and persons listed in *Who's Who*. Moreover, his nomination was considered inevitable by newspaper editors polled by the OUTLOOK in August.

It does not follow, however, that Roosevelt will certainly be the whole show at the next Democratic convention. There is still the question of whether or not he is to have the support of Smith. To be sure, Al has made no great showing in any of the recent polls, but he has been favored by some recent significant visits. Governor Ritchie, an avowed candidate, came to New York expressly to talk to Smith not long ago and had hardly returned to Annapolis before Governor Roosevelt invited Smith to a conference. Smith still occupies a strong position, and no candidate, not even Roosevelt, can feel quite safe without his endorsement. In this there is considerable comfort for those who believe, as Smith seems to believe, that the Democratic platform should contain an outspoken wet plank. Roosevelt's nomination, probable in any case, would be a certainty if Smith were to say the word. Yet one doubts that he will say it until Roosevelt has promised to advocate a wet plank for the next Democratic platform.

▶▶*Answers for Candidates*

POTENTIAL CANDIDATES for President have several conventional answers to choose from when queried about their intentions. The first is the I'm-too-busy answer; the type given by Governor Roosevelt of New York on November 9. "I'm too busy right here as governor to give any thought to anything else," Mr. Roosevelt said. Another type is the I'm-not-a-candidate answer in its many variations, for example, that selected by Owen D. Young in a letter made public on November 11. "Time and time again during the last few months I have said I would not favor any movement, through clubs or other-



Keystone

NOT-SO-DARK HORSES

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Albert C. Ritchie and Owen D. Young, possible Democratic candidates for President

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wise, to promote my nomination for the Presidency," wrote Mr. Young. These types of answer mean little or nothing; certainly they do not mean that the individual neither desires nor hopes for the honor in question. For those who genuinely do not desire an office, there is a third type of answer, well known to all politicians. It goes like this: "If nominated I will not run and if elected I will not serve." When a man says that, he means it. When he says anything else, he usually doesn't. Unless, of course, he chooses to make the fourth type of answer, the type made by Governor Ritchie of Maryland on November 12. "Sure I'm pleased to be talked about for President," Mr. Ritchie is quoted as saying. "I'm just like anybody else on that. I'll take it if I can get it and do the best I can." This type of answer is exceedingly rare.

▸▸Evident Evidence

ONLY a malicious opponent would seek to make political capital from the fact that President Hoover's brother-in-law has been arrested in Santa Monica, California, on a charge of possessing liquor. The case, however, has its interesting side when noted in relation to the report from Washington that Mr. Hoover will "steer completely clear of prohibition" in his forthcoming message to Congress. Mr. Hoover and other government officials may seek to steer clear of prohibition, but prohibition will not steer clear of them. Evidence of its practical effects surrounds them wherever they look and wherever they go.

Nor need they look or go far from Capitol Hill. It is only a few years ago that Senator Greene of Vermont, while walking on Pennsylvania Avenue, was struck by a bullet fired in a running battle between bootleggers and prohibition agents. Not long after, John W. Langley, a Representative from Kentucky, was convicted of conspiring to violate the national prohibition law. Since then, in a series of newspaper articles, Washington's best-known bootlegger, George L. Cassiday (The Man in the Green Hat) has told how he stored liquor in the House office building and how he kept Senators and Representatives supplied over a period of ten years. And within the past year rum-runners have been discovered while landing liquor on the estate of Secretary of the Navy Adams at Cohasset, Massachusetts; grape concentrate distributors have set up an office two blocks from the White House, and prohibition agents have found a speakeasy going full blast on Federal property in Washington, bringing from the Washington branch of the Crusaders the demand that the government padlock its own building.

Neither Mr. Hoover nor any other official in Washington can really be blind to the practical workings of prohibition. Not when they obtrude themselves under their very noses. We can only conclude, therefore, that their evident blindness is due to a refusal to see.

▸▸Those Truce Stories

A YAWN, *Webster's* explains, is "an involuntary opening of the jaws through drowsiness." For example, through drowsiness brought on by hints that members of the forthcoming session of Congress may, or suggestions that they should, declare a political truce.

Congress will meet less than twelve months, and adjourn less than six months, before the next national election, in which the people will elect a President, thirty-two senators and 435 representatives. What this means is that the election will never be out of the minds of members for a moment. It means that thoughts of the election will color their every utterance and every act. It means that both parties will claim credit for every popular measure and disclaim responsibility for every unpop-

Remarkable Remarks

Our country has cause for gratitude to the Almighty. We have been widely blessed with abundant harvests. We have been spared from pestilence and calamities. Our institutions have served the people . . . . Education has advanced; the health of our people has increased. —HERBERT HOOVER. — *Mrs. H. Gehrke, 102 E. Stoughton St., Champaign, Ill., $5 prize.*

Many of our inhabitants are suffering from unemployment.—CALVIN COOLIDGE. — *John R. Dunham, 594 Morris Street, Albany, N. Y., $2 prize.*

If the present depression had been easily cured no good would have come of it.—BRUCE BARTON. — *Miss Beatrice Dodge, 1301 Mass. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C., $2 prize.*

There is no crisis in the United States. It is just a psychological illusion.—ABBE ERNEST DIMNET. — *Hiram Smith, 621 Blackman St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., $2 prize.*

If prohibition fails civilization fails.—DR. GILBERT J. RAYNOR. — *E. H. Frost, Box 262, Summerville, S. C., $2 prize.*

Never in the history of our country have our trained soldiers encouraged or clamored for or desired war.—GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING. — *E. H. Frost, Box 262, Summerville, S. C., $2 prize.*

I've used one cake of soap for three months, and it isn't nearly finished yet.—MAHATMA GANDHI. — *Miss Mary L. Reich, 4115 McPherson Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.*

I don't care for that tripe [The Ziegfeld Follies]. All I like is Shakespeare, Shaw and Coward.—AL CAPONE. — *J. Philip Howard, Hubbardston, Mass, $2. prize.*

According to one fashion writer, red flannel petticoats, such as Eugenie wore, but shorter, of course, and tighter, will be fashionable for a while. That is good news. —ARTHUR BRISBANE. — *John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.*

I want this matter of my sex life settled now until I die. I am thoroughly impotent. —THEODORE DREISER. — *Julius Frasch, 55 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.*

I'm just a campfire girl.—MAE WEST. — *Henry C. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.*

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 412

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ular measure. It means that each will fight for its own advantage and the other's disadvantage and that each will oppose or support the other's suggestions as political expediency dictates. It means, in short, that Congress will play politics steadily, spiritedly and shamelessly.

This would be true of any Congress meeting before a presidential election. It will be doubly true of the next Congress, in which the two parties will be evenly matched and neither will have a working majority. It will be war to the knife all through, with no quarter given and none expected. Talk of a truce is moonshine. The only kind of truce desired by either party is one involving the surrender of the other. And to ask a political party to surrender when it doesn't have to is to ask what will not be granted.

▸▸"Sex Interest"

NO DOUBT it was irritating to Theodore Dreiser to be indicted for misconduct at the conclusion of his committee's inquiry into conditions in the coal fields of southeastern Kentucky. It must have been particularly irritating if, as he says, the charge against him is untrue, and if, as he also says, Circuit Judge Jones, who instructed the grand jury which returned the indictment and who had been accused by the committee of misusing his official position, is merely seeking to blind the public mind to the oppression of Kentucky miners.

We take it, however, that the primary purpose of the Dreiser committee was to collect and publish the facts of a serious situation, thereby creating so much public interest and indignation that something would have to be done about them. If that was the purpose, the silly sex story is almost ideally adapted to further it. For, as Mr. Dreiser himself points out and as Hollywood discovered long ago, "the predominant interest in the United States is sex." Maybe sex is the predominant interest in most other countries, too, for that matter. At any rate, now that the indictment for misconduct has piqued public interest, any number of people will read and reflect upon the report of the Drieser committee who never would have done so otherwise. By sheer accident, a trivial and irrelevant but highly effective means has been discovered to achieve a most desirable end—that of giving the widest possible publicity to Mr. Dreiser's charges that dynamiting, slugging, house-burning and other brutalities are being practiced on the Kentucky miners; that the mine-owners and the authorities are guilty of lawlessness, violence and intimidation and that the miners' children and families are starving.

▸▸Taxes Head Upward

WITH a deficit of a billion dollars in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1931, and one of two billions probable in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932, even Mr. Hoover apparently begins to see that federal taxes must be drastically increased. As a matter of fact, for the past few months the only real question has been not whether, but how, the increases would be made. Up until the last, however, President Hoover sought, or pre-

AUTHOR-INVESTIGATOR

Theodore Dreiser, head of committee inquiring into condition of Kentucky miners

tended to seek, means of avoiding the unavoidable. As late as October 29 he was talking of the Administration's efforts "for reduction of the federal expenditure not immediately essential in order that we may avoid increased taxation of the people in these times."

That sentiment was complacently echoed by many of his stalwarts in Congress, notably by Sunny Jim Watson of Indiana, Republican leader in the Senate, who cheerfully announced that "We can get along by the issue of short term loans, which can be retired when the country returns to a prosperous condition." The sunny Senator blandly overlooked the fact that, even if the average yearly surplus of our next period of prosperity should amount to, say, $200,000,000, it would take twenty uninterrupted years to wipe out the principal of, and the interest on, a three billion dollar deficit.

When it came time for Mr. Hoover to write his message to Congress it was necessary to abandon this pretense that increased federal taxes might somehow be avoided. Hence, Senator Watson emerged from his November 16 conference with the President declaring that "It appears that some tax increase legislation is inescapable." One can understand how "the party of prosperity" should hate to go before the country with a record, not of abolishing poverty—as Mr. Hoover so fondly dreamed of doing back there in innocent 1928—but of adding to the citizens' tax burden. However, there is no help for it. Moreover, there is consolation for Republicans in the fact that the Democrats can hardly refuse to participate in raising taxes or to share the responsibility for so doing. It may be the fact that the Democrats will control the House, where all revenue bills must originate, helps in part to explain the belated resignation with which the political Watsons are changing their tune.

▸▸In Brief

AT ANY rate, there was one advantage in that short-lived plan to have Lindbergh fly Grandi to Washington. Now people do know that Grandi's here . . . . We like the explanation that it was not fear of anti-Fascist demonstrations in New York, but the desire to make a gesture of good-will that accounted for the decision to have Lindbergh meet Grandi's ship. In fact, we like fiction in all its forms . . . . One trusts that Mooney and Billings enjoyed that pleasant little story of the White House reunion of the Stanford football team of '94, including former District Attorney Charles M. Fickert . . . . Governor Roosevelt denies that a Democratic Administration would be bad for business. Still, most of us find it hard to forget the 1928 argument that the way to preserve prosperity was to elect a Republican President. . . . As we understand the ban against Ted Husing, radio announcer, at the Harvard Stadium, Harvard does not in the least object to criticism of its football players. It merely objects to spoken criticism . . . . According to an Associated Press dispatch from Richmond, "Bishop James Cannon, Jr., alleging that Roman Catholics had a majority representation on the Washington grand jury that indicted him for violation of the Federal corrupt practices act, says it is 'difficult for the average man to believe' this an accident." It is difficult for the average man to believe that the Bishop really believes it to be anything else.

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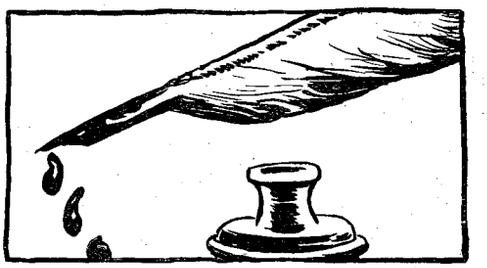
Manchuria and the League



BROKERS in Wall Street and elsewhere, reading the Manchurian news despatches and forgetting the facts of 1904-05, may be pulling for a war between Japan and Russia or China as a means of ending the present business depression. Americans, generally, tired of the League's efforts for peace, may be inclined to discuss the headlines as merely a question of how many Chinamen a Jap can lick. But amid the welter of notes, statements, proposals and counter-proposals dealing with the subject one modest and apparently relatively unimportant message rings the bell. Says the Chinese government, answering the one-year armament truce proposal of the League:

> In the view of the Chinese Government, the fate of this proposal and the disarmament conference itself depends upon the issue of the present Manchurian conflict before the League.
>
> Should the League covenant and the Pact of Paris prove to be bulwarks of peace and international justice on which law-abiding nations can rely for their safety, the armaments truce and disarmament conference will mark a long step forward in the organization of peace.
>
> If by some unhappy mischance these bulwarks should crumble, the Chinese Government and people would be regretfully compelled to put above all other national tasks the building up of a national defense strong enough to secure respect and preserve against external aggression the territorial integrity and political independence of China.

This is an unpleasant statement of fact. Blow to one side all the Manchurian dust raised by the Changs, Mahs, Honjos, Boy Emperors, War Lords and Japanese and Chinese diplomats—wave aside all these confusing gentlemen, and the one central fact which emerges is that unless the League does succeed finally in solving the Manchurian puzzle, the peoples of the world might as well save the price of their steamship tickets to the Geneva Disarmament Conference of 1932 and apply the money to the battleship bill. For the only real hope of making effective our present machinery for world peace, ineffective though many may have always considered it, will have gone glimmering.

THIS, of course, is not tantamount to saying that China is all right and Japan all wrong in the present dispute. Indeed, so far as the League is concerned, it doesn't make any difference which nation has the right or wrong of the present argument. To determine that is going to take an exhaustive examination of the facts in the case, together with a broad and dispassionate survey of the whole clash of interests between Japan and China since Japan won the Russo-Japanese War and began her economic railway over-lordship of Southern Manchuria. The murder of one Japanese officer, or the tearing up of a dozen railway ties, does not in itself make an international incident, unless the background of antagonism is already there. In the present case, this background has been in the making for many years. And even in its broadest aspects it is still a matter of dispute between the two nations concerned. Japan, for instance, talks of treaty rights in Manchuria. China, following the example of Germany with the Versailles treaty, sees no moral validity in treaty rights won by force. Japan, says China, is using any excuse to stay in Manchuria and make good her grip. China, says Japan, is totally unable to keep order in the independent provinces of Manchuria and, in fact, is not a nation at all. In essence, then, there is no basic agreement of any kind between the two countries upon which fair dealing can be based. Until there is one, one to which both sides are permanently resigned, there can be no hope of either settling the quarrel or apportioning the blame for the present flareup.

MEANWHILE, technically at least, the Japanese have been tweaking the nose of the League in the most approved Oriental fashion. Says the League covenant: "The members of the League agree that if there should arise between them any dispute likely to lead to a rupture, they will submit the matter either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council, and they agree in no case to resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the report of the Council." Cannily enough, the Chinese have given lip service to this article, no matter how much they may or may not have been stirring up trouble under cover. But not so the Japanese. Instead, they have insisted right along that things weren't bad enough to make necessary any League action—and that if things were in such a parlous state, they would not call it a state of war anyway.

THE net result, nevertheless, has been that the Japanese have been evading their obligations under the covenant of the League and meanwhile events, getting out of hand, have led swiftly to more and more dangerous situations, until now the League has the difficult choice of devising a solution against the will of one of its own members or going out of existence to slow music. In which case, what would be the prospect for peace and disarmament? As the Chinese note remarks, not only is the very existence of the League involved, but the hope for disarmament in 1932 as well hangs on the success of the League in the present dispute. Let the Manchurian embroglio fail of solution and the most competitive armament race the world has ever seen will ensue. For if the League cannot solve such an affair as the Manchurian dispute, how can it hope to solve a major difficulty?—let us say a dispute that threatened war between France and Italy? Further, if the American people will not really back up their government in actions any more definite than those which Secretary Stimson has already taken in the present dispute, what hope can the League have of our support in a more dangerous crisis? The answer is, very little. And with such an answer, obviously there will vanish any real, immediate hope of peace without armament, of security without guns. Wherefore the obvious concern of the world with the success of the present meeting of the Council in Paris and the clear necessity of backing to the limit any and all sensible proposals made there that carry with them a reasonable prospect of success.

THE EDITORS.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HOPE that President Hoover, for his own sake, is not fooling himself with the thought that the Democrats mean to treat him tenderly during the next session of Congress. If he is, he is doomed to disappointment. Not in many years have we seen the members of that party return to the Capital so full of confidence, and so ready to fight from the drop of the gavel. Unless, as is their wont, they toss their chances away themselves, they look for an easy victory in next year's presidential election, and they regard the set-to on Capitol Hill as the opening skirmish. Theirs is no spirit of forgiveness and forbearance, especially as they have racked their brains in vain to recall any similar spirit on the part of the G.O.P. The President, personally, is extremely unpopular with the more influential figures among the Democrats, and they will miss no opportunity to harass him personally and politically. If they create the illusion of fair play on their part, lest the public think they are playing selfish presidential politics, that is the utmost that can be expected of them. The White House emissaries, Messrs. Newton and West, will waste their breath if they hope, by flattering or frightening the opposition, to persuade them to give blanket approval to the President's program.

"Happy Jack" Garner, the cowboy Congressman from Texas, still maintains silence on his plans should he become Speaker through Democratic control of the lower chamber, but his silence is ominous. One of the least restrained and reticent members of the House, he admits it is difficult for him to hold his tongue, but he deems it to be his wisest course. What he is waiting for, of course, is for Mr. Hoover to announce his legislative requests and policies, and then to say which are satisfactory to the Democrats. We doubt if "Jack" will like many of the President's proposals, or indorse any except a few obviously nonpartisan suggestions for alleviating economic conditions.

Mr. Garner, we recall, was the most resentful of all the Democrats who answered the President's summons for the famous White House economic conference on October 6. He and several of his colleagues, including Rep. "Joe" Byrns of Tennessee, who can become floor leader if he wants it, but who will probably stick to his Appropriations Committee chairmanship, thought Mr. Hoover's move to lasso the opposition a rather nervy proposition. Had it been possible, they would have absented themselves on the ground that it is the President's responsibility to propose a program, and the opposition's task to dispose of it. Mr. Garner was actually belligerent when Mr. Hoover brought out his plan for an extension of the German moratorium, so much so that the President quickly withdrew it. Ever since, the Texan has become more and more convinced that the sole reason he and his'n were called to the White House was to give advance approval to the moratorium proposal. We recall that, when the White House parley broke up, "Jack," "Joe" Byrns, Crisp of Georgia, McDuffie of Alabama and a few other Democratic bigwigs returned to their hotel, and sat up until the small hours of the morning denouncing Mr. Hoover and Republicans generally. Hot-blooded Southerners and fierce partisans, they do not share Mr. Hoover's lack of interest in parties and politics. The Democratic party to them is more than a political institution—it is one of the symbols of the Old South, of what their fathers fought for and believed in. It is not, as Mr. Hoover would like it to be, an annex to the G.O.P., or an organization which can be won over with the cry that the national welfare demands subordination of partisan passions. That suggestion, as "Jack" publicly suggested, is "insulting" in that it questions his patriotism, not to mention the obvious fact that it tends to place his party in a bad light before the public. I find, too, that Republicans as well as Democrats resent Mr. Hoover's proposal, and that both question its wisdom.

MR. GARNER, however, has his own troubles, including pacification of the Northern element which demands greater recognition than it would receive under the seniority rule. Unless the committee chairmanships are divided on some other basis, members from the North will not get a single worth-while plum. All the important committees will be headed by men from below the Mason and Dixon line, Garner's own state getting seven. Only four chairmanships will go to the North, and the only one that can be regarded as of any importance is the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. With the immigration laws as they are, constituting an effective ban on large-scale immigration, this body's business is about completed. It is, at the present time, a do-nothing committee.

"JACK" is also in a bad way with respect to hard-hitting, quick-thinking, capable assistants on the floor. He himself will be a sort of czar, I imagine, but he will need a floor leader, whips, advisers and parliamentarians as no other Speaker has in recent years. In view of the close margin between the two parties, brains rather than numbers must be depended on to win victories. Mr. Byrns, though a veteran and skilled legislator, is not a rough-and-tumble parliamentary fighter; he is, on the contrary, somewhat slow and easy-going. "Judge" Crisp of Georgia would be the ideal floor leader, but the place cannot be given to him without antagonizing the Northern group still further. Some of the New York boys have advanced John J. O'Connor, of Manhattan, a perennial candidate for honors, but he has few of the necessary qualities. He is too pugnacious, too indiscreet, too wet, too vain, too unpopular, and he has served only three terms. A more available man, if a Northerner is to be chosen, is Henry T. Rainey of Illinois. He, too, is more of a student, a cloistered figure, than a hardy and astute man for handling fights on the floor. Yet he is preferable to Mr. O'Connor, and, perhaps, to Mr. Byrns. Mr. Rainey is an expert on the tariff and taxation, and will prove to be an invaluable adviser—a better coach than quarterback. In such a situation we venture that Mr. Garner will virtually serve as Speaker, floor leader, strategist and spokesman. He cannot, of course, lead his cohorts openly and formally, but he can, when not in the chair, tell them what to do and when to do it. Even this may prove both difficult and embarrassing, inasmuch as the Speaker is supposed to be fairly neutral, casting a vote only when there is a tie. For "Jack" to show his partisanship too plainly might antagonize Republicans or Progressives otherwise amenable to Democratic arguments or bargains.

Mr. Garner, however, is going into the fight with his eyes open. He knows that Democratic assumption of responsibility in a tight and turbulent House may cause trouble for him and for his party. But he is ambitious, and this is his chance to hold the third highest office in the land. As he said when it was suggested that he ought to permit the G.O.P. to organize, "Men want power."

A. F. C.

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The Truth About the Navy

From Arms Limitation to Disarmament by Example

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY J. REILLY, O. R. C.

THE announcement that the Washington Arms Conference of 1921-1922 was to be held was the first indication to our people of the naval dispute which had been gathering force underneath the surface of public knowledge since the Versailles Peace Conference began. Since that announcement we as a people have been flooded with a mass of statements and figures purporting to show what we need or do not need in the way of a navy.

The dispute between the President and the Navy League is only a preliminary skirmish to the battle which will rage in the coming Congress. This because that Congress will have to decide four naval questions of burning importance.

The first is, How much of the existing navy shall we maintain and how much of it shall we cut off?

The second is, How much building of new ships shall we do?

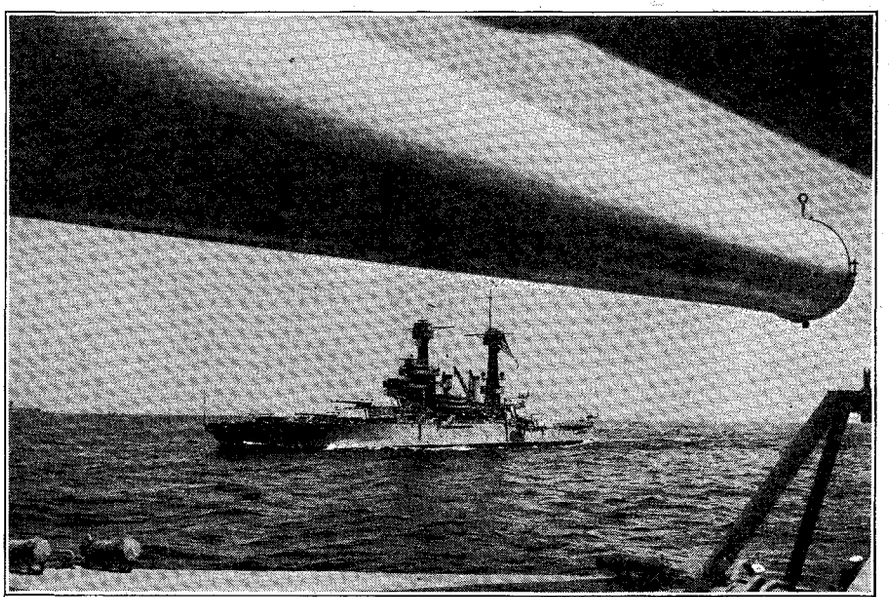
The third is, Shall we accept the proposed one-year armament holiday?

The fourth is, What shall we agree to in the February, 1932, Geneva general disarmament conference?

At the Versailles Peace Conference, to quote Seymour's "Intimate Papers of Colonel House," "the British naval experts were troubled by the prospect of American strength that would result from the program of 1916. Long conversations took place between the British and American naval experts which may be regarded as the genesis of the Washington conference of 1921. Secretary Daniels agreed entirely with Admiral Benson that it was impossible at this time to promise that the American fleet should always be inferior to the British, and that the United States could not discontinue the program already under way without reciprocal concessions by the British."

The 1916 building program was the one we embarked upon when two years of the Great War had clearly demonstrated that so-called international law was incapable of protecting our seaborne commerce. Both belligerents increasingly interfered with it in such a drastic way as to fill our State Department with complaints.

The fact that the German submarines sank our vessels with loss of life to those aboard them so overshadowed the continual British interference that hostile public opinion was aroused against them primarily instead of against both, as was true of both France and England in the years prior to the War of 1812-1815.



Wide World

THE BATTLESHIP COLORADO
Passing under the guns of the West Virginia

In other words, the whole matter originated through Great Britain's objection to our building a navy which in combat ships would be superior to hers, unless she immediately embarked on a building program of her own. As Japan was at that time Britain's ally, and as our navy must operate in both the Atlantic and the Pacific, the strength of Japan's fleet necessarily entered into any consideration of the question of naval power.

Besides that, the Great War had so completely changed the world naval situation that the United States, Britain and Japan were the only nations left as naval powers.

When the war started not only these three but also Germany, France and Italy were naval powers.

The surrender and sinking of the German fleet, the drastic limitations on rebuilding imposed by the Versailles Peace Conference and the loss of her overseas colonies, naval bases, cables and wireless stations completely removed Germany from the list of sea powers.

The French fleet not only suffered material loss during the war, but also had received practically no replacements. This because France's strength was put into the maintenance from the beginning of the war until its end of the largest army, in proportion to its population, put in the field by any country engaged. Thus, while France still maintained her overseas colonies, naval bases, cables and wireless stations, and had even added to them by what she got from Germany, she emerged from the war no longer a first-class naval power.

Italy's fleet had also suffered loss during the war. She had, however, built during the war, so that she had gained in strength relative to France. Also the Austro-Hungarian fleet, which prior to 1914 served to counterbalance Italy's naval strength, disappeared as the result of the war, thus still further increasing Italy's strength relative to France.

However, as the United States, Great Britain and Japan had all done considerable building during the war, Italy's strength, by comparison with theirs, was far less than was true in 1914.

WHILE Russia had never built the replacements to make good the heavy losses she suffered in her war with Japan, 1904-5, she still had enough ships left in 1914 to make her a factor in Baltic, Black Sea and Mediterranean naval questions. However, the revolution of 1917 practically ended this.

Thus the close of the war saw Britain dominant in European waters in a way she had never previously been. The com-

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bined strength of the French and Italian fleets, the only ones left, constituted no threat to her. Even adding the navy allowed Germany by the Versailles Peace Treaty—then mostly on paper—would not seriously threaten this dominance.

However, our 1916 building program if completed would deprive her of dominance on our side of the Atlantic ocean, though not in European waters.

Here it is necessary to emphasize the difference between combat-ship strength and naval power or strength as a whole.

Combat-ship strength, while the dominant factor, is only one of those making up naval power. This for the reason that to exercise the full combat strength of such ships in any desired sea area it is necessary to have the other factors of sea power available in that area or near by.

These other factors are naval bases, cables and merchant ships.

Without naval bases to supply and maintain them combat ships cannot operate continuously and at their highest efficiency. With the invention and development of aviation such bases increase their importance because long flights are not possible with war loads and because the ammunition supply of a plane is quickly exhausted and cannot be renewed from accompanying planes in the way that guns on land renew their supply from accompanying caissons and warships from ammunition ships.

Cables of course insure that communication without which a fleet or squadron must operate in the dark. The lack of such communications by the Germans and their possession by the British led to the trapping and destruction of the German squadron at the Falkland Islands by a superior British force during the Great War.

Merchant ships in the days of wooden warships were easily converted into armed naval vessels. However, with the steady development of armor and of heavy guns, merchant ships sank to a position of less and less importance in naval warfare, because they lacked the armor necessary to withstand shell fire, and the structural strength necessary to permit the mounting of heavy guns.

However, the development of aviation has changed this, as the larger ships, with their speed, space in their holds, and great length, can easily be converted into first-class airplane carriers.

Britain, with her bases and network of cables all over the world and her immense merchant marine, thus possessed the means to have her combat fleet operate anywhere in the seven oceans.

We, with our bases limited to those on our own Atlantic coast, the Caribbean and Panama, were tied down to our side of the Atlantic.

Thus even a stronger combat fleet would not have given us supremacy in European waters.

In the Pacific the Aleutian Islands, Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines gave us a good natural position, except for two things: The first was our own neglect properly to fortify and prepare naval bases in these various islands. The second was a double failure of our statesmen: First, when we made peace with Spain not to take all the Spanish islands in the Pacific, and, second, at the Versailles Peace Conference, not to make good this failure by demanding these same islands, become German since 1899.

We only asked for Yap, a cable station, letting Japan have the others under mandate. We did not even get Yap, which also went to Japan under mandate. Japan's position in Asiatic waters, as that of Britain's in European ones, was greatly strengthened by the war. Prior to 1918, Russia, Germany and France all maintained fair-sized naval forces in Asiatic waters. German naval power, that is, ships, cables and her base at Tsingrao, all disappeared. Russia and France each still possess bases but have no ships available to operate from them.

JAPAN in the North Pacific and the British Empire in the South Pacific, Indian Ocean, South Atlantic and European waters made material gains in sea power by the suppression of Germany through the terms of the Versailles Treaty and their own control of its remnants either directly or through the mandate system.

Thus such gain as the war brought us through the destruction of the German combat fleet and through the seizure of part of her merchant marine was more than offset by the tremendous relative increase in the sea power of both Britain and Japan.

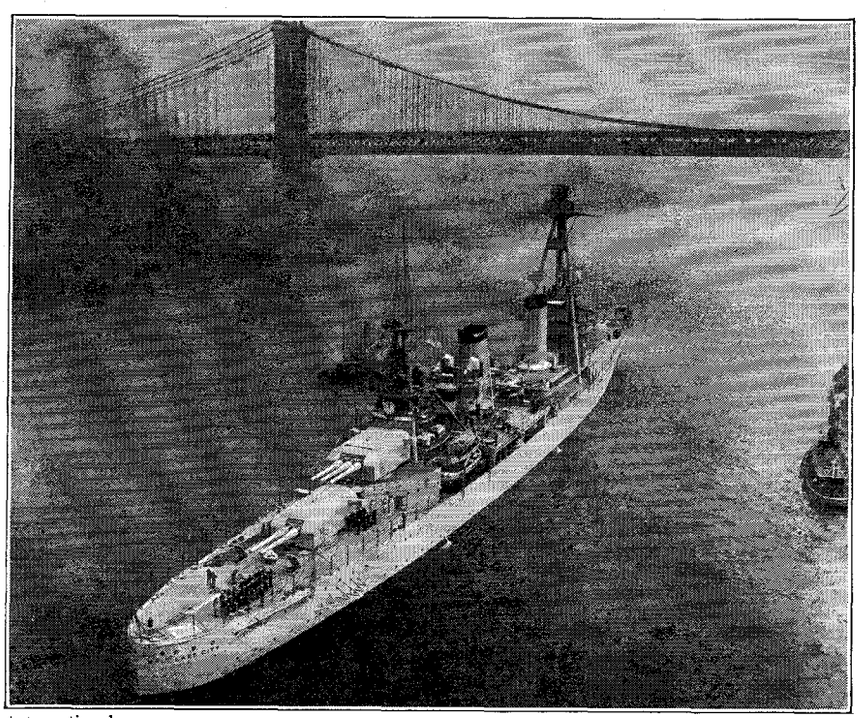
Building a superior combat fleet was the only way to preserve pre-war position of relative strength.

As Britain and Japan were not in anything like as good a financial position as were we, it was a certainty that any race in building ships would be a short one, in which we could keep our lead.

In other words, up to the opening of the Washington conference we were the dominant power in combat ships but not in naval power. Britain held naval dominance the world over except on our side of the Atlantic and in the North Pacific, where we were dominant perhaps two-thirds of the way across and Japan certainly was from Kaurchatka to Hong Kong.

The purpose of the Washington arms conference is best summarized in the following words from President Harding's opening address:

"We wish to sit with you at the table of international understanding and good will. In good conscience we are eager to meet you frankly, and invite and offer coöperation. The world demands a sober contemplation of the exist-



International

THE CRUISER SALT LAKE CITY
One of our newest, passing under Manhattan Bridge

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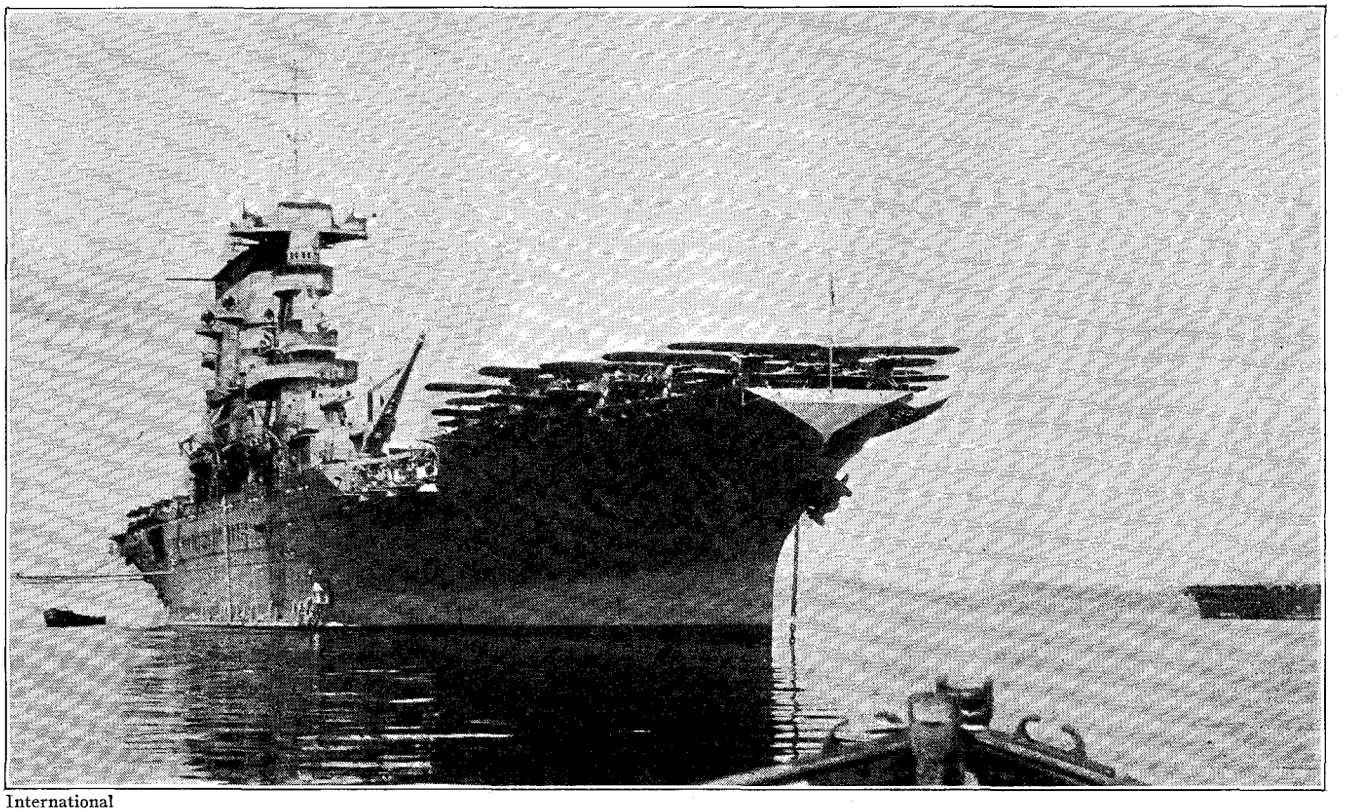

International

THE AIRPLANE CARRIER LEXINGTON
At anchor near the Panama Canal

ing order and the realization that there can be no cure without sacrifice, not by one of us but by all of us."

What we proposed as means of carrying this out was set forth by Mr. Hughes in his opening speech. In it he pointed out that limitation of naval armament was the way in which to stop competition in its production. He echoed the President by saying, "The effort to escape sacrifices is futile. We must face them or yield our purpose. It is also clear that no one of the naval powers should be expected to make these sacrifices alone."

He then proposed a program which gave the United States 18 capital ships, Great Britain 22 and Japan 10, with a respective tonnage of 500,650 for the United States, 604,450 for Great Britain and 299,700 for Japan, with a replacement program of 500,000 tons for the United States, the same for Britain and 300,000 tons for Japan; that is, in the ratio of 5-5-3.

His proposal also carried corresponding limitations for all other naval ships, that is, for cruisers, flotilla leaders, destroyers and various surface types, submarines and airplane carriers.

The magnitude of the sacrifice proposed by the United States was shown by our readiness to scrap 6 battle cruisers, 7 battleships, all under construction, and two battleships under construction and already launched, all embodying the naval lessons of the Great War. This because Great Britain, despite plans for four new capital ships, had not laid any of them down, while Japan was called upon to scrap one new capital ship already launched, two in course of building and two battle cruisers in course of building, or a total of five ships only.

The essence of Mr. Hughes' proposal was that the United States, in order to bring about a limitation of naval armaments, was prepared to make a material sacrifice in her combat-ship strength. His speech throughout dwelt on the desire to promote peace by stopping naval armament races, while at the same time decreasing the financial burden for armament under which the great powers labored. In other words, he did not base his plan on consideration of the naval force necessary to our national security —that is, to protect us from invasion, our overseas possessions from seizure, our overseas trade from seizure by an enemy, and, when we were neutral, from drastic interference by belligerent powers.

THE speeches of the foreign representatives which followed Mr. Hughes' proposal are important because, while expressing every desire to carry out a limitation of naval armament, each one pointed out that the basis of any agreement must be sufficient naval armamen to provide national security.

An examination of the records of the conference show clearly that this fundamental difference of viewpoint obtained throughout. An examination of the records of all naval negotiations to date will show the same. A thorough understanding of this fundamental difference is necessary if the world naval situation as it exists today, and must be dealt with by the coming Congress, the Geneva disarmament conference of 1932 and the next naval conference of 1935 is to be comprehended.

It is not meant by this that every American supported Mr. Hughes' idea that the question of fundamental importance was disarmament, rather than security, while every European and Japanese supported the idea that security must come first.

It is meant, however, tnat the records of the Washington Arms Conference and all naval negotiations since show that the American policy has been governed by the Hughes point of view, while the policy of the European nations and Japan has been governed by the security-first point of view.

The practical result has been a steady reduction in our naval power as a whole and in particular in the combat-ship factor.

This because in each conference we have given away naval power without any *quid pro quo*. At Washington we gave away combat-ship strength in the capital ship class where we were strong

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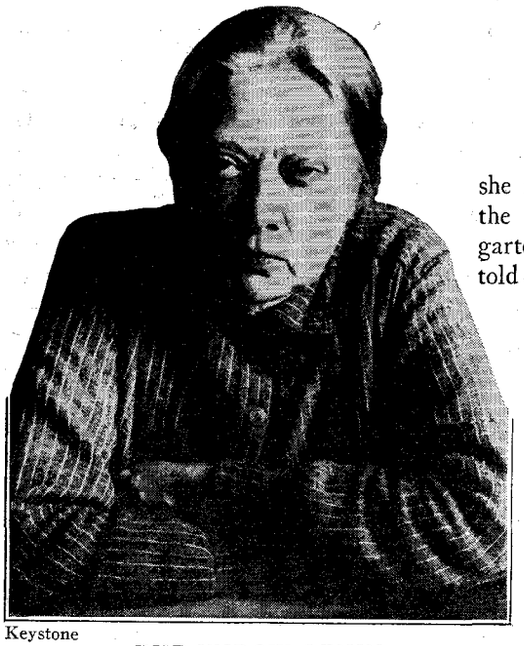
▶▶ Meet Mrs. Lenin ◀◀

By HILDA AGELOFF



Keystone

THE WIDOW LENIN
Otherwise "Tavarish" Nadjesda Konstantinovna Krupsgaya

HER fellow Muscovites told me that she was a very homely woman. They remember her as she looked in her active days, now behind her. But age, that despoiler of beauty, has reversed the order of things and created a subtle transformation in the face of Madame Nadjesda Konstantinovna Krupsgaya, the widow of Lenin. The once heavy dark hair is now a soft gray and the large features have also softened. Those bulging eyes that her early pictures reveal with their troubled, fierce stare are now subdued. The thick lips form so tender a smile that they have lost their youthful firmness.

For a month I had been trying to see her. She was in the Crimea, I was told, trying to recover her lost health, losing her fight with age. "In what town can I find her?" I asked. A knowing smile answered me. "Sorry, I couldn't tell you if I did know." "What do you wish to speak to her about?" asked the officials of the *Narcompross* (Commissariat of Public Education) of which Madame Krupsgaya is a member. I explained. They smiled a little contemptuously and told me with typically brutal candor, "We can discuss the problem better than she. Her position in the Commissariat is more honorary than active."

Every one tried to discourage me. What is this American curiosity in the private lives of great personages? What is the difference whether Stalin likes boiled cabbage or not? Furthermore, she had not given an interview in years. A few months before she had refused one with an English correspondent. Even the Russian newspapers rarely had an audience. But she agreed to see me when she returned because of my interest in the Communist nurseries and kindergartens. Her associates at *Narcompross* told her of my intensive work among them. However, I should have to wait. There were to be several all-day Party conferences. Could I see her at home in the evening? I inquired. No, our meeting must take place at her office.

I took an interpreter along because Madame Krupsgaya has forgotten her speaking English. Though the language was self-taught, there was a time when she knew it well enough to translate the Webbs with her husband. Only one admonition was given me before going in to see her. "Don't call her Madame. She is '*Tavarish*' like every one else in the U.S.S.R."

Tavarish Krupsgaya greeted me graciously, and for a moment I was at a loss to hide my bewilderment. Then I discovered that the photographs upon which I had built my idea of Krupsgaya had misguided me. The passionate revolutionary expression has changed to one of complacency. The look of shrewdness has faded into a pair of rather vague-looking eyes, revealing a sweet, motherly soul.

She wore a brown serge dress of monastic simplicity that contrasted strangely with the tall velvet chairs, the elaborate Czarist desk. I wanted to ask her some personal questions, but knowing the severity of the Communist temperament would not permit it, I confined my questions to the topic that brought me. Did she think the Russian parents as a whole ready to accept communal school homes for their children? The picture she painted was over-rosy.

"IF ONLY we had sufficient material to build these communal schools and the teachers with which to staff them, parents would willingly bring their children. The existing day nurseries and kindergartens have proved the wisdom of the Communist doctrine with regard to children."

I wanted her to discuss the present-day problems regarding this policy, but all I received was a host of trivial experiences that she had collected during her continuous travels throughout the U.S.S.R., inspecting the schools. Decidedly she is not a part of the present tempo in Russia, where the sense of the struggle still before them is very acute. She talked as if she believed that Communism in its entirety was established throughout the country, and that all that was required for complete harmony was the money with which to build schools. She shied away gently from any questioning that sought to pin her down to a direct answer. Confronted with the tremendous problem of destroying family life as we know it here and creating a communal one, she answered that it was practically accomplished already.

AS SHE continued talking, I thought, "Her grasp on present-day problems is slipping." She is a gentle soul to whom the establishment of the Communist régime—the result of over thirty years' untiring devotion to a single cause—was the completion of her life's aim. For a time after the revolution she was very active in educational affairs, plunging deep into the problem of illiteracy, building a new system from her experiences as teacher among the workers when she was a young girl in St. Petersburg. But lately there has come a slackening up. Her life has been so completely overshadowed by her illustrious husband that without him her career seems to have faded into nothingness. A host of tender memories confuse and cloud the horizon.

Perhaps it is not quite accurate to say that her personality was completely submerged into Lenin's. She was rather a disciple of his. A revolutionary long before she met her husband, it is more correct to say that as an ardent Communist she felt her greatest contribution to her country lay in the spreading of his ideas. She helped Russia by being useful to her husband in little things, removing his worries wherever possible to free him for his great work. She even cooked for him, because Lenin thrived best on home cooking. She tells of a time in Munich when they lived, slept and ate in one room. She was preparing their meal.

"I tried to make as little noise as possible as Vladimir Ilyich [Lenin] was then beginning to write 'What is to be Done.' When he was writing I never spoke to him about anything." She has also confided that "even now I have not outlived this habit of mentally formulating my impressions for Ilyich," and at his funeral she summed up her credo when she said, "Comrades—working-

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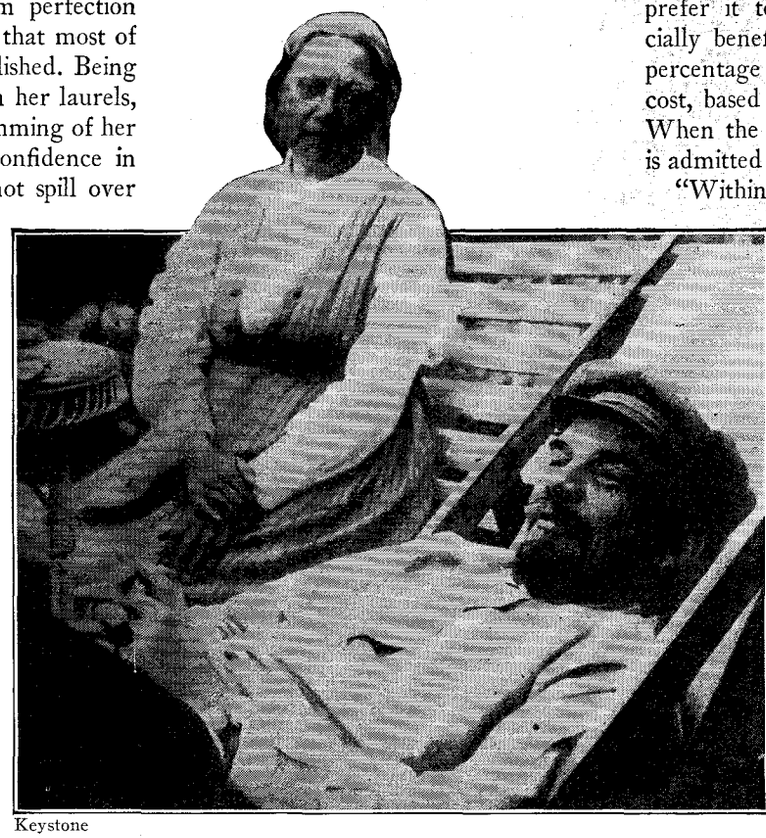
men and workingwomen; comrades—peasants and peasant women; workers of the world, rally your ranks and march forward under the banner of Lenin, under the banner of Communism!"

In those days she was actively engaged in the work of political education, but from our recent conversation I was led to believe that the problem of political ignorance is practically solved. Though the schools are still very inadequate and very few Soviets will claim perfection for them, she seems to feel that most of the work is already accomplished. Being old and ill, she is resting on her laurels, perhaps rationalizing the dimming of her activities by an over-rosy confidence in the present. Her talk did not spill over with worries about their gigantic program as does the conversation of other educational authorities. Her brows are not knitted with worry, only with age. One feels love and tenderness for all humanity radiate from her as from a religious visionary, to draw a curious and unwelcome simile. She told me of a trip she had made recently to a *Kolchus* (collective farm).

"The mothers were so happy about the day nursery. They said that for the first time they could work in the fields with their minds at rest about their children. They would just as gladly welcome a day and night commune home for them if we had the means to build them. Only the wealthier mothers prefer to keep their children at home."

Did that not indicate that parents put their children into nurseries because of economic necessity rather than by preference, I wanted to know?—but I received no answer. Instead, *Tavarish* Krupsgaya described a meeting of women factory workers which she had recently attended.

"The women complained that not enough was being done to provide nurseries for their children. They decided at this meeting that they would interest themselves in the problem and agitate for more nurseries and kindergartens for their children. Russia's parents have learned to recognize the advantages they offer. Just after the Revolution the population protested strongly against the establishment of even day nurseries. I happened to be on a boat along the Volga at the time and heard every one crying out against Communist schools. They seemed to fear that the Communists would invade their homes and tear their children from them. Stronger than any other antagonism towards the new régime was the thought that their offspring would have to grow up in communal homes and be educated in Communist schools. So you see what remarkable progress we have made. Now mothers would gladly bring their children to communal homes, if we had them. We cannot afford to build them just yet. We do not even have sufficient accommodations for the children of workers in our day nurseries.



Keystone

LENIN AND MRS. LENIN
In the Crimea shortly before his death

"This change in the attitude of the parents was brought about by the existing day nurseries and kindergartens. They have shown the mother what great opportunities for self-advancement await her in the world outside her home, what a joyous task is hers in the bettering of society. Furthermore, her children are happier in the company of other children than they are at home with their parents. In the nursery, kindergarten or school the child finds himself in a world of equals, engaged in all sorts of fascinating tasks which make the parental home dull by comparison. In one kindergarten I visited a mother came up to me and said, 'My son refuses to stay home. He cares only for the kindergarten. I shall speak to Lenin about it.'

"Then, too, the mother knows that her child is better housed in the nursery than at home. The sanitary facilities there are better. Nurses and doctors watch the child's health. The food is also richer than that purchased on the outside. The child derives so many benefits from the nursery or kindergarten that its parents have no alternative but to prefer it to the home. Workers especially benefit, as they pay only a small percentage of the actual maintenance cost, based on the income of the family. When the earnings are small, the child is admitted free of charge.

"Within the next five or seven years we shall have communal school homes where the children will live permanently. Surely the end of the next Five-Year plan will see the establishment of these commune homes. It is only a matter of putting up the buildings and training the personnel. Parents will themselves help in this work.

"Our teachers are very gentle with their pupils. Punishment is prohibited. Yet the discipline in the schools is perfect. I visited a kindergarten recently, my entrance being quite unnoticed by the older children busily engaged on an interesting project. But when I came among the tiniest of the tots, also busy with some tasks, they cried, 'Oh, *tante*, you are indoors and you have your coat on.'

"The stronger children must pull the weaker ones to their own level. Also they must help 'liquidate' illiteracy wherever they find it. For that purpose also we have recently inaugurated compulsory education—children from the age of seven must go to school, in the cities for eight years, and in the country for four years. The shortage of school buildings necessitates three shifts of pupils during the day."

While we were conversing Alexandre Ustinovitch Zelenko came in. Comrade Zelenko, like Krupsgaya, was one of the original Revolutionaries and like her spent his early life outside of Russia. He became interested in progressive education while living at Hull House in Chicago many years ago, and though he is an architect by profession he has been

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T. R. in the Panama Melodrama

Eleventh Installment of Roosevelt: A Biography

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

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The events leading to the establishment of the Republic of Panama form one of the most controversial chapters in the Roosevelt administration, as told in this installment. T. R. himself wrote later that all had been done in the finest of ethics, but at times the Colombians infuriated him by refusing to accede mildly to his wishes. And so came the much-debated Revolution, which will be described next week

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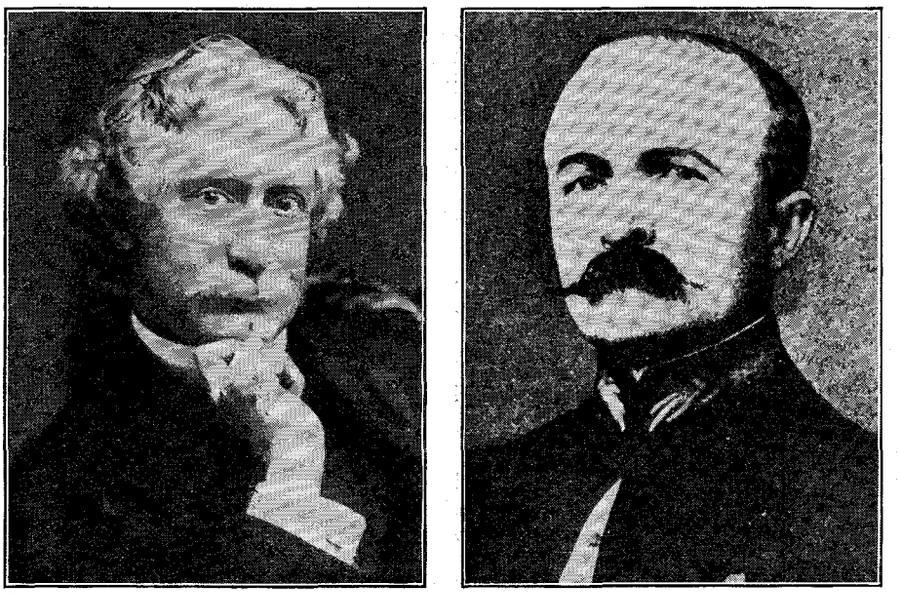
THE story of Panama is replete with heroes and villains. A canal was to be built which would fulfill a dream of centuries and connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. In due time it was finished and ships, by the grace of men with slide-rules and logarithm tables, steamed from sea to sea. Every step toward realization, wrote Theodore Roosevelt, "was taken with the utmost care . . . . was carried out with the highest, finest and nicest standards of public and governmental ethics." M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, who played an epic part, said that Reason struggled against Passion and finally triumphed in a mighty war for "Truth, Justice and National Interest."

One fact became clear with the elevation of Roosevelt to the presidency. It would be an American canal or none. The day had passed when citizens of France or any other nation could build it, but as yet Nicaragua was the favored route. In all of his references to a canal, Roosevelt either mentioned Nicaragua or did not specify a route. Even in his second message to Congress in December, 1902, although the legislative branch had already recommended Panama, the President still referred to an "Isthmian canal." As far as Roosevelt was concerned in the initial stages, Nicaragua would have been chosen and all the millions sunk by the bankrupt French company might have been lost forever. But there were others, a French adventurer-engineer and an American lawyer in particular, who saved $40,000,000 out of the wreckage. Claims of these two principals, Philippe Bunau-Varilla of Paris and William Nelson Cromwell of New York, offer a clue to an approximation of the truth. The former wrote a book, a charmingly Gallic book, in support of his contentions. The latter, submitting a bill for $800,000 for legal services, detailed to the French stockholders his labors in their behalf.

The New Panama Canal Company was organized in 1894 to take over the assets and, ostensibly, to finish the work, but France had had more than enough of Panama. Capital could not be raised, and soon the only object of the new corporation was to sell its rights to the United States. For that purpose a New York attorney, Mr. Cromwell, was retained. The prejudice against Panama had, however, extended across the Atlantic. In March, 1901, while Vice-President Roosevelt presided rather nervously over the deliberations of the Senate, there was a brief debate on the canal. Senator John T. Morgan of Alabama with indignation told of a proposal that the United States purchase the French rights, a proposal made in February, 1899, through the New York law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell. This, he said, actually claimed that the work of construction went busily forward, that three or four thousand men were employed, that "all technical and physical problems have been solved." The spokesmen for the French company said that it needed no financial assistance, but would graciously consent, in view of "the natural sentiment in favor of acquiring some pecuniary interest" in the canal, to an investment by the United States. This offer, in 1899, marked the first appearance of William Nelson Cromwell. His lobby at Washington was to be active until, at last, a Nicaraguan canal had been rejected in favor of Panama.

In 1899 Cromwell prevented Senator Morgan from obtaining an endorsement of Nicaragua. In 1900 he made further progress. The Republican convention which nominated McKinley and Roosevelt at Philadelphia would almost certainly have gone on record for Nicaragua had it not been for the zealous attorney of the New Panama Canal Company. Mr. Cromwell told of his work when he filed a brief in support of his $800,000 fee. It was testified also twelve years later that Mr. Cromwell had donated $60,000 to the Republican National Committee in 1900 and had charged it as a necessary expense to the canal company.



Brown Bros.-Prince, Washington

PROPAGANDISTS DE LUXE
William Nelson Cromwell, New York lawyer, and Philippe Bunau-Varilla of France. As representatives of French stockholders they were vital figures behind the scenes of the Panama drama

Mr. Cromwell, however, did not labor alone. He had an ally, who was to become virtually a rival, in the person of M. Bunau-Varilla, who had been chief engineer of the old French company. While still in Paris, Bunau-Varilla had been introduced to two or three prominent residents of Cincinnati and so, after sailing in January, 1901,

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he made the Ohio city his first objective. There he obtained letters to Myron T. Herrick of Cleveland, a rising member of Senator Hanna's machine; he had a promise of an interview with Hanna himself. Good fortune attended him from the start. In New York he met Charles G. Dawes, Comptroller of the Currency, who offered to present him to President McKinley. Bunau-Varilla began the preparation of a brochure which emphasized the advantages of Panama and pointed out that he had come to America ". . . . not as the representative of any private interest . . . . [but] . . . . to defend a grand and noble conception. . . . I have worked for the scientific Truth. . . . ." The pamphlets were widely distributed as part of the campaign.

In March he met Mark Hanna, expounded his views and was enchanted to hear McKinley's friend say: ". . . . You have convinced me. My friends in Cleveland had told me what an echo your words had had in their minds. . . . I must, in the service of the nation, adhere to the same views." The following month he was received at the White House and received similar, if less definite, assurances from McKinley.

The directors of the New Panama Canal Company, unlike the idealistic Bunau-Varilla, were more concerned with money than with truth. In May, 1901, the Isthmian Canal Commission, appointed by McKinley to pass on the merits of the two routes, asked the French company to fix a price for its rights in Panama. In December of the same year the commission reported in favor of Nicaragua. The New Panama Canal Company had fixed a price of $109,141,000. A canal through Nicaragua would cost a total of $189,864,062. The Panama route would require only $144,233,358 for the work of construction, but to this would have to be added the $109,000,000 for the French stockholders. Their rights, the commission estimated, were certainly worth not more than $40,000,000.

The news dismayed Bunau-Varilla, who was in Paris. He had already been worried over the possible effect of McKinley's assassination in September. Hanna had been converted to Truth, but the Ohio senator, now that Roosevelt was in the White House, might not be the impressive ally he had been before. Bunau-Varilla hurriedly conferred with M. Marius Bo, president of the New Panama Canal Company. The time for evasions and bargaining had passed, he told M. Bo. No longer could $60,000,000 or $70,000,000 be obtained. A price of $40,000,000 had been set by the Isthmian Canal Commission and this was the last hope. It was $40,000,000 or nothing at all. On January 4, 1902, thus lashed by Bunau-Varilla, the alarmed directors reduced the price to $40,000,000. The price-cut marked, it would seem, Roosevelt's first recognition that Panama was a preferable route. "Originally I had been for Nicaragua . . . ." he said some years later. When word of the reduction came, however, he persuaded the canal commission to change its recommendation to Panama. He was by no means ready, on the other hand, to force his views upon Congress.

"SACRE BLEU!"
When Colombia balked at the canal treaty, France saw $40,000,000 vanishing into thin air

NICARAGUA still had its ardent advocates. The final report of the commission stated that this route could be used if, for any reason, Panama was not available. The House had already passed a bill declaring for Nicaragua and the fight now centered upon the Senate. Cromwell was busy in Washington. Bunau-Varilla once more sailed to continue his valiant work, to call upon Nature as his ally. She did not fail. In the pamphlet he had written in March, 1901, he had pointed to the dangers of volcanic eruptions in Nicaragua.

"Young nations," he wrote, "like to put on their coats of arms what most symbolizes their moral domain or characterizes their soil. What have the Nicaraguans chosen to characterize their coats of arms or their postage stamps? Volcanoes!"

Despite the continued advocacy of Hanna and the probable, although still indefinite, preference of President Roosevelt, a defeat for Panama seemed likely. How to make the members of the Senate really conscious of volcanoes? At this point Nature decreed—"What an unexpected turn of the wheel of fortune!"—the eruption of Mt. Pelee on May 6, 1902, and the destruction of St. Pierre in the Caribbean. Eight days later, on the eve of the final debate in the Senate, Mt. Monotombo in Nicaragua itself providentially erupted as well. Bunau-Varilla, even more elated, hastily called on the postage stamp dealers of Washington. This very volcano was engraved on the stamps of the unfortunate republic:

> . . . . I was lucky enough to find some ninety stamps, that is, one for every senator, showing a beautiful volcano belching forth in magnificent eruption. . . . I hastened to paste my precious stamps on sheets of paper. . . . Below the stamps were written the following words, which told the whole story: "An official witness of the volcanic activity of Nicaragua" . . . .

It is difficult to apportion the credit for the victory of Panama. Certainly Bunau-Varilla had performed miracles. Certainly a major share must go to Mark Hanna. The Ohio senator had favored an Isthmian canal for at least a decade, and had been one of the few who would listen when Senator Cushman Davis of Minnesota offered objections to Nicaragua.

With the passage of the Spooner Act Roosevelt's period of inactivity ended. In April, 1902, according to Secretary of State Hay, the President was willing to let Congress decide the route and to reverse, if it so preferred, the recommendation of the Isthmian Canal Commission. But when, as the months passed, Colombia hesitated in accepting the proposals of the United States, the President became an ardent partisan of Panama. In this fact lay the hope of the conspirators.

Photographs by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York

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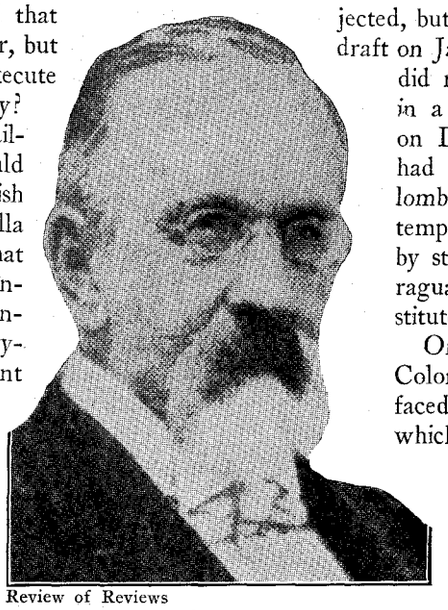
There was no rest for Bunau-Varilla. An impressive gentleman, with the full mustachios of the traditional Frenchman, he lost sleep over the provision in the Spooner Act that Nicaragua could still be chosen. The United States had been persuaded that Panama was superior, but would Colombia execute a satisfactory treaty? Otherwise, all was failure; Passion would once more vanquish Reason. Bunau-Varilla did not propose that this should happen. Indefatigable in his energy, he was everywhere at once. He sent lengthy telegrams, one of them costing the staggering total of $304.38, informing President Marroquin of Colombia that excessive greed was dangerous. The United States might be disgustingly wealthy, but an indemnity of $9,800,000 and annual payments of $250,000 a year constituted the utmost that could be obtained in return for a concession to build the canal across Panama.



Review of Reviews

UNLUCKY
President Marroquin of Colombia

In January, 1901, describing to Cabot Lodge the exaggerated reputation of John Hay's career as Secretary of State, Roosevelt said that "the vital work, getting Panama as an independent Republic, on which all else hinged, was done by me without the aid and advice of any one." This was not quite accurate, nor is it offered as evidence that Roosevelt actively fomented the Panama revolution in the fall of 1903. Its relevance here is merely to show that the diplomatic correspondence between the United States and Colombia in 1902 and 1903 reflected the views of Roosevelt. Hay saw the President almost daily. Never, perhaps, had there been a more unusual exchange of communications between sovereign powers technically at peace. The true story of Panama is an irrefutable answer to Roosevelt's repeated contention that his dealings with Colombia were honorable or justified by law.

The Hay-Herran treaty with Colombia was confirmed by the United States Senate on March 17, 1903. This was not, however, the agreement which Colombia had originally agreed to sign. In October and November, 1902, José Vincente Concha, Colombian minister to the United States, had addressed indignant notes to Hay regarding changes which impugned the sovereignty of his country. Then Concha left the United States in disgust and his chargé, Herran, carried on the work. Herran, too, objected, but he finally signed the draft on January 22, 1903. He did not do so until Hay, in a telegram to Bogotá on December 30, 1902, had frightened the Colombian government into temporary acquiescence by stating that the Nicaragua route would be substituted.

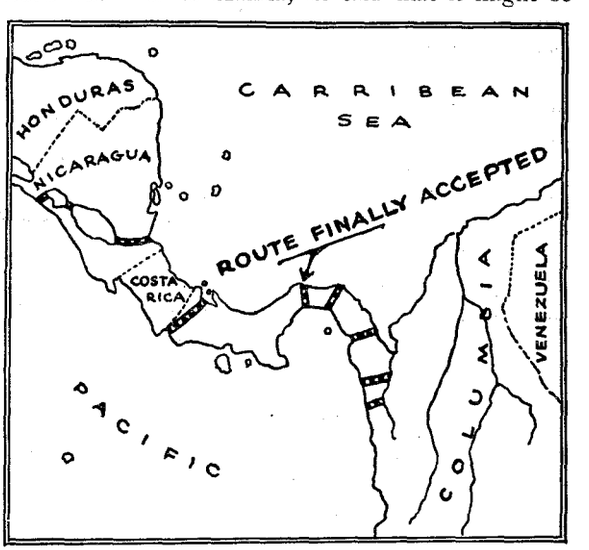
On the one hand, the Colombian president faced an obnoxious treaty which his representative in the United States had signed. On the other was the possibility that Panama, never pretending loyalty to the central government of Colombia, would secede unless an agreement for a canal was reached. Bunau-Varilla had been burning the telegraph wires to Bogotá with threats that exactly this would happen.

The Hay-Herran treaty provided that $10,000,000 in gold and an annual rental of $250,000 would be paid to Colombia by the United States. In return, a license to build the canal would be granted as well as control over a strip of land three miles on each side of the canal but excluding the cities of Panama and Colon. All this, of course, had nothing to do with the $40,000,000 which the United States had agreed to pay to the stockholders of the old French company. Colombia gazed upon this pleasant sum with a greedy eye, and her greed was one source of the friction which followed.

It was not the only source. The treaty supposedly acknowledged the sovereignty of Colombia over the canal area, but stipulations had been inserted which no free people would willingly have accepted. The United States, possibly because the New York attorney had so requested, had inserted a remarkable provision which protected the clients of William Nelson Cromwell. It was agreed in the Hay-Herran pact that Colombia could not conduct independent negotiations with the New Panama Canal Company—in other words, demand a share in the $40,000,000. Another amendment to the original treaty established American courts in the canal zone.

Even Bunau-Varilla, who had no sympathy for Colombia, admitted that limitations upon her sovereignty constituted the fundamental basis of her opposition to the Hay-Herran treaty. The despatches of A. M. Beaupré, the American minister to Colombia, leave small doubt that such was the case. Beaupré was instructed to inform the Bogotan government that the United States would consider "any modification whatever of the terms of the treaty as practically a breach of faith on the part of the government of Colombia."

Roosevelt's bad temper is clearly evident in the confidential letters exchanged with Hay. "Make it as strong as you can to Beaupré," he ordered on July 14, 1903. "Those contemptible little creatures in Bogota ought to understand how much they are jeopardizing things and imperilling their own future." On August 17 he said that "we may have to give a lesson to those jack rabbits." On September 15 he referred to the Colombians as "foolish and homicidal corruptionists." On October 5, 1903, in a letter to Hanna, he said that it might be well "to warn these cat-rabbits [*sic*] that great though our patience has been, it can be exhausted."



WHERE THE STAGE WAS SET
Proposed canal routes are indicated by dotted lines. The land west of the chosen route became the Republic of Panama

These judicial expressions were translated into the outward decorum of diplomacy by Mr. Hay, but the meaning of his despatches was as plain, if less crudely set forth, as the President's pri-

(Continued on Page 414)

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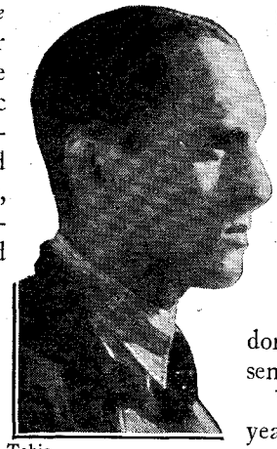
French Film Studios

By CREIGHTON PEET

THE largest movie studios in France today are those operated by the Compagnie Para*moont*—and don't forget that final inflection, or the taxi driver will take you right back to the *Cafe des deux Magots* and you'll *never* get any work done. For more than a year now, Para*moont* has been producing talkies in fourteen assorted languages at Joinville-le-Pont, a pleasant little town on the Marne just outside Paris in the direction of the *Parc de Vincennes*. Ever since the War American producers have sought to evade antagonistic taxes and quota laws by making occasional pictures in rented studios in France or Germany, but never before has an American film producer established himself so firmly on foreign soil. Motor car and typewriter manufacturers built foreign factories long ago, but until the talkies came in Hollywood pictures needed only new sets of subtitles to be salable all over the world. At present things are more complicated. The "foreign versions" produced in Hollywood have never been entirely satisfactory, and are now meeting substantial competition from native studios. Some of the "versions" produced for the smaller nationalities were incapable of earning their cost, and in the case of the Spanish films it developed that nearly every country in South America spoke with its own private dialect. All this has cut the industry's revenues from abroad some fifty-five percent in the past two years. At various times it was rumored that the foreign market would be abandoned entirely, except in the case of Greta Garbo, Maurice Chevalier, Charlie Chaplin and a few other notables.



Tobis

RENÉ CLAIR

The problem of providing acceptable entertainment for an alien race, let alone a dozen different races, was one which might well stagger either a dramatist or a business concern, but Hollywood, being after all American, and hardly more inflated or self-confident than some other local enterprises we might mention, hardly waited to catch its breath. Overworked, harassed by a fantastically wasteful business management, arbitrary censor boards and reform groups, the industry faced the problem of foreign-language talkies on the run. At this point it may be well to mention a few of the methods attempted.

The first and cheapest way to make an American talkie understandable in Poland or Buenos Aires is to turn off the sound machine and cut in titles in the local language. This is often extremely dull, for the spectator spends half his time reading bad translations of worse dialogue. The second method is called "dubbing" and consists in grafting a new sound track onto an English-speaking film. In this case French or Spanish actors attempt to follow the lip movements of the English actors while speaking the lines into a sound machine to make a new record. This is a very pretty trick, you must admit, but it fools few people, and unless it is very carefully done it makes audiences resentful.

Within the past couple of years Hollywood has turned out a number of completely Spanish, German, French and Italian "versions" of the regular American movies, with different casts going through the entire action all over again—in different languages. Some of these films were moderately successful, but the returns were always limited, and the risks were great. Moreover it was extremely costly to import special players to Hollywood for a few pictures, and without one or two well-known players in each film, it is usually impossible to make it go.

All of these factors brought about the establishment of Paramount's Joinville studio, the very latest, and apparently, the most successful solution of the foreign market problem. The plant cost $3,000,000, has six stages (as many as Paramount's Long Island studio) and is complete in every detail from power house to projection rooms. In Europe it is second only to the UFA studios in Germany. Last year eighty-five features and innumerable shorts were sent out to audiences speaking French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, Hungarian, Portuguese, etc.

IT MUST be admitted that for many months the Joinville films were not all that might be desired. For one thing many of the American workers were quite ignorant of French, and so needed interpreters at all vital points. Native French, German or Spanish casts, writers and mechanics were employed in all cases—and paid native French salaries, which are but small change compared to those poured out to American workers. Everything was French or German—except one thing, and here is the crux of the whole matter—the story.

Paramount's first procedure in Joinville was to take a Hollywood film and copy it in all details, but with new actors. Theoretically this should have been all right. French audiences saw films with French actors speaking flawless French—only the ideas, the customs, the social habits of the characters were still American. Belatedly, Joinville is now starting from scratch, with native stories written by native Frenchmen. One of the first of these, *Marius*, is really an excellent piece of work—in fact it is so completely French that Americans unfamiliar with the language may find it pretty stiff going. Another conclusion reached after a year of experimentation at Joinville is to drop all languages except French, German, Spanish and Swedish. The other congregations haven't enough members to make films worth while.

AMONG the local French film producers René Clair—whose charming and hilarious pictures *Sous les Toits de Paris* and *Le Million* have already been seen in America, is easily the most outstanding figure. He is but thirty-two, slight, slim and quiet—but with the most piercing brown eyes you ever saw. He works—with only the slightest supervision—in the French Tobis studio at Epinay-sur-Seine, also just outside of Paris. The place used to be a great estate in the old days and it still looks a good deal more like a park than a studio. With touching pride I was informed that they never cut down a tree unless it was imperative. While directing, René Clair (who used to be a police reporter on a Paris daily) wears a leather jacket with a zipper, and dirty old cap pulled way down over his face, so that he resembles one of the charming and well-mannered villains in his own films. His new picture will be called *A Nous La Liberté*, and concerns two ex-convicts, one of whom becomes the owner of a phonograph factory while the other remains a mechanic in the same plant. René Clair has a great deal of fun with the wealthy phonograph magnate, who has a fifteen-foot portrait of himself in his library, and whose elegant dining room is a reproduction of the scene depicted on the engraving on the back

(Continued on Page 416)

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The Spotlight on Sports

Teapot Tempest

ALWAYS obliging, the Columbia *Spectator* has let fly a broadside against college football. Editor Reed Harris called it "a semi-professional racket," implying that the Columbia players are being paid on a piecework basis.

Reaction was instantaneous. Old grads, those perennial sophomores, demanded that Harris be drawn and quartered. "Harris is too serious—he should be more collegiate," said a faculty advisor on athletics.

"I'm glad to know that I've been hiring a gang of semi-pros," said Coach Lou Little. "I never would have suspected it from watching the team play football." Nicholas Murray Butler, for once, said nothing.

The accused Columbia players wanted to say it with punches. Captain Ralph Hewitt and Center Rush Bill McDuffee invaded Harris's literary sanctum and threatened to knock his block off.

"You weigh 200 pounds," shouted Hewitt, pointing a finger at the husky, bespectacled editor, "but after trying for the freshman team you quit, you didn't have the nerve to face the varsity."

"Go ahead and punch me," retorted Harris, glaring at the stocky 167-pound Columbia quarterback. "I gave up football on the advice of my doctor because of a weak heart."

"That was a swell diagnosis," interjected the truculent McDuffee. "You'll either retract tomorrow or we'll beat you up!"

Harris refused to be intimidated. He published a follow-up editorial the next day, piling fuel on the flames, but the beating never came off. Just when everybody was set for a fist fight, the football players were muzzled and handcuffed by an Athletic Association edict.

Replying to the charge of football commercialization, Coach Little suggested that it would be well to examine the books of *The Spectator*, adding—"College publications are honeycombed with graft."

Harris thereupon offered free access to *The Spectator's* business accounts and made a counter demand to examine the football books. That was a telling thrust, apparently, for the Athletic Association heads called his request "an unwarranted impertinence." They refused to let Harris inspect the football association's financial ledgers.

Minority opinion on the campus, reflecting the views of the so-called intelligentsia, supported Harris's stand and raised the time-honored "freedom of the press" issue. Whatever one's personal views about this teapot tempest, one must applaud Harris's courage. His editorial is but another indication of the skeptical attitude toward football that at this time is sweeping the undergraduate bodies here in the East.

Annual Classic

HARVARD FACES YALE tomorrow in America's counterpart of the Oxford-Cambridge Rugby match. It is the social highlight of the football year, admitting that Notre Dame could beat both the Johnnies and the Elis on the same afternoon.

Not that Harvard or Yale hasn't a good team, but that Notre Dame, as usual, is represented by a super-squad. The star of football empire has taken its way westward and is now located at South Bend, Indiana, close to the mythical center of population.

Yale has been hibernating since the freak 33-33 "track meet" with Dartmouth. Little St. John's College from Annapolis provided the "opposition," such as it was, on November 7. Last Saturday was an open date at New Haven. Thus the Elis have had what amounts to a three-week layoff preceding the Harvard match.

True, its massacre of St. Johns had an unfortunate aftermath. Albie Booth bruised a muscle in one of his million-dollar legs, a catastrophe reflected in daily bulletins from the Yale medical office. Commuters have let their coffee grow cold as they turned the sport pages to discover whether Yale's mighty atom had tossed away his crutches.

Albie Booth isn't brittle, but after weathering major games unharmed he has twice pulled a ligament in a minor warm-up match prior to the Harvard battle. Back in 1929 he rode a "Charley horse" onto Soldiers Field, but dismounted in time to give Harvard partisans that all-gone feeling. Albie was off to a touchdown when a Harvard man grabbed him from behind by the slack of his jersey neck. That game was featured by Booth's ceremonious unveiling. Rushed onto the field to drop-kick, he stood in the middle of the arena peeling off mackinaws, trench coats and sweaters, a performance that smacked of the time-honored disrobing act on the burlesque stage.

This little game of strip poker was intended to impress Harvard, but it proved a psychological boomerang. The Johnnies blocked Albie's kick and marched 80 yards to the winning touchdown.

Booth has been hobbled by a Harvard hoodoo. In freshman year, Albie's team was beaten by Barry Wood's Crimson cubs. That set a precedent which has held good in varsity competition. Harvard men regard Booth with a patronizing "there, there, little boy," attitude which is exceedingly galling to Eli pride. Taught to grab Albie around the neck rather than dive at his phantom feet, Harvard's players have never allowed Booth to give his imitation of a spook on a spree. Tomorrow, however, Ben Ticknor will not be out there throttling Albie at every turn. The Blue Minnow may find a needle-eye opening. That's all he needs.

Ancient Ruse

SCOUTS assigned to Ithaca claim that the weights listed in the Cornell program are doctored to deceive opponents. The discrepancy per man is said to average ten pounds. Certainly, those husky Cornell linemen don't look as light as the crafty Professor Dobie would have you believe.

No man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature, but those Yale midgets of the printed page certainly seemed to grow taller and broader as you gazed. They filled the eye, and it wasn't an optical illusion either. As one Harvard cynic remarked: "They must serve a man-sized meal at the Yale training table between weighing in and game time."

GEORGE TREVOR.

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Music

Schwanda

At last Mr. Gatti-Casazza has given us an operatic novelty worthy in every respect of a place in the Metropolitan Opera House repertoire. This opera may justly be called an established success abroad, since in its brief existence it has attained about two thousand performances in European opera houses. The music, by the Bohemian composer, Jaromir Weinberger, is set to a text by Milos Kares, based on a Czech version of an old fairy tale common to several kindred races, dealing with a marvelous musician who had the gift of making all dance to his piping. In the opera he performs this feat even in the infernal regions, the wild dance being led by the Old Boy himself—the latter, incidentally, being so genial and humorous a devil as to damage many current conceptions as to the ultimate advantages of good behavior in this more or less sinful world.

The dexterously written libretto has a light humor which is peculiarly refreshing in these days, when so many operatic jobbers treat of the "machine age" with an awful seriousness. The music is unreservedly the best of its type that the writer has heard in many years. Fresh, spontaneous, melodic invention and interesting rhythms are everywhere in evidence. Mr. Weinberger makes delightful use of the humorous fugue in two instances—the piquantly flavored overture, which no hearer should miss, and the scene in which *Schwanda* plays before Satan and his amiable imps—here, the fugal theme as a rhythm approximates a hornpipe. Chorus and orchestra participate in a manner nothing short of masterly. The instrumentation is colorful and discreet and is never allowed to obscure the text. The cast was competent and reached high excellence in the case of Friedrich Schorr as *Schwanda*. Maria Mueller was very good as *Schwanda's* wife. Other rôles were competently sung by Karin Branzwell, Gustav Schuetzendorf and Marek Windheim. Rudolph Laubenthal was better histrionically than vocally.

Mr. Bodanzky, evidently finding the score congenial, conducted with obvious gusto and handled the difficult contrapuntal passages with an admirable clarity; he infused into his reading a zest and color which contributed to an excellent performance well deserved by an equally excellent score. In the writer's judgment *Schwanda* has the elements of a lasting vogue. Marshall Kernochan.

The Week in Business

Thrown for a Loss

Last week was not so good. Business got off to a fine stride on Monday, but the middle of the week saw a slowing up of the advance in commodity prices. Wheat and cotton closed the six-day period with losses and the security markets were quick to reflect the unfavorable trend.

There were, however, a few encouraging factors. Steel production made a gain of 1 per cent. Federal Reserve currency figures registered another decline, and silver futures ended the week with a net gain, in spite of a midweek slump.

To a certain extent the week's hesitancy may be charged to uncertainty over the outcome of important conferences affecting two great industries—copper and the rails. The copper producers were struggling with the difficult problem of world stabilization, and representatives of the carriers discussing means of conforming with the Interstate Commerce Commission's rate increase proposal. If either of these conferences had produced clear-cut results, entries in the week's business log might have been much more cheerful than they were.

As for the security markets, by no means all of the competent observers are depressed by the temporary setback in price levels. Some of them are avowedly pleased, their conviction being that the upward movement had been a little too rapid for the general good. As a matter of fact, the reaction was not of major proportions, and a new spurt in commodity prices or definite progress reported by copper or the rails might easily give the investment curve another upward turn.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) November 12—68.5. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) November 12—67.4.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended October 31—740,363 cars (reduction of 29,310 under preceding week and of 194,352 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended November 7 —31% of capacity (increase of 1% over preceding week; reduction of 12% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended November 7—daily average gross 2,456,800 barrels (increase of 25,550 over preceding week and of 159,550 over same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended November 12—$5,498,038,000 (reduction of 8.6% under preceding week and of 38.6% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended November 12—531 (increase of 16 over preceding week and of 36 over same week of 1930.

Embattled Amusements

Possibility of a receivership for Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation has swung the spotlight in the direction of all amusement enterprises. The fight which resulted in turning the Fox interests over to banking control was described on this page some months ago. Since then the Shubert Theatre Corporation, the largest operator of legitimate theatres in the United States, has been thrown into equity receivership and A. H. Woods, another big producer, has filed a petition in bankruptcy.

Earnings of most of the amusement vendors have fallen off badly during the past two years. For example, Fox Film earned only $120,152 during the first six months of 1931, against $6,785,897 in the corresponding period of 1930.

Receivership for R-K-O is by no means a certainty, but its vice-president in charge of legal affairs, B. B. Kahane, says that it will surely follow if the Class A stockholders oppose the present plan of reorganization, which carries a $5 assessment on each share of Class A stock. Joseph Kennedy and Pat Powers are leading a strong opposition. The fight is on, and the Class A stockholders are paying for ringside seats.

Frank A. Fall.

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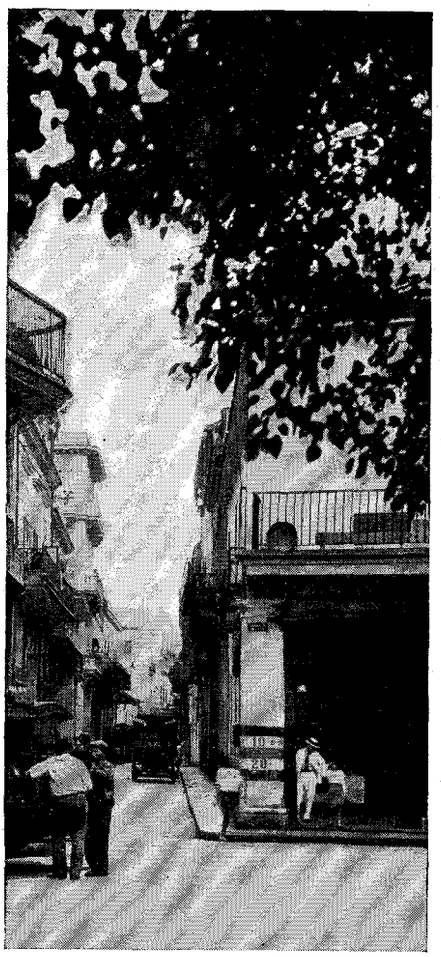

. . LET'S GIVE

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To some real joy this winter. No more moaning! Pack the flannels (white, not red) . . . buy a straw hat . . . and hop to Cuba . . . by auto or plane, steamer or train. Enjoy a taste of freedom . . . in a foreign land . . . only a few hours from your own country . . . American comfort with European charm and cosmopolitan gayety . . . radiant Havana and the quaint countryside . . . along 700 miles of velvet highway . . . at prices you can afford. : : : :

Send for interesting pamphlet "Cuba", Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana, Cuba, or Room 3307, 10 East 40th St., New York City.

C U B A

Year-Round Playground of the Americas

Photo Amer. Photo Studios

The New Movies

"*The Champ*"

For all its sentiment King Vidor's latest film has something of the vitality and grotesqueness of a Hogarth engraving or a Dickens characterization. Certainly Wallace Beery as the shambling, shapeless, boozy ex-champion who attempts a comeback, hardly belongs in the gallery of pretty and well-brushed Hollywood types. Little Jackie Cooper (of *Skippy* fame) is more in the California tradition, but he gives such an amazingly intelligent and mature performance that he fits perfectly into the picture. *The Champ* is laid amid noisy filth and shabby delights of Tia Juana, the Mexican racing town just beyond the California border. Chiefly *The Champ* is the story of a drunken old fighter and his small and worshipful son, *Dink*. The boy believes that some day his father will stage a comeback and again be world champion. With all the solicitude of a wife or mother, Jackie Cooper labors night and day to keep his "Champ" sober, solvent and out of jail. As drama *The Champ* is not so strong, but as entertainment it is decidedly to be seen. Often its sentiment comes dangerously near sentimentality—but Jackie Cooper's robust performance always saves the day.

Worth Seeing

AMBASSADOR BILL: Will Rogers goes to a Balkan state, and teaches the boy king to play baseball, and the courtiers to play poker.
FIVE STAR FINAL: The pink and peach colored newspapers are taken for the ride they deserve. Bitter and highly dramatic.
GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD: A manifestation known as "Schnozzle" Durante makes this worth a trip.
THE GUARDSMAN: Light comedy with Alfred Lunt and Lyn Fontanne of the Theatre Guild.
MONKEY BUSINESS: The four Marx brothers at large on an ocean liner, with wildly amusing results.
PALMY DAYS: Eddie Cantor working behind the scenes for a spiritualistic medium.
STREET SCENE: King Vidor's film of Elmer Rice's fine play. A strenuous session with fine work by Sylvia Sidney.

"*Strictly Dishonorable*"

The matter of the little Southern girl who prefers to be seduced by a romantic opera singer rather than marry her disagreeable fiancé from West Orange, New Jersey, has finally reached the screen, but I am sorry to report that the results are not very satisfactory. *Strictly Dishonorable* follows the play in most essentials, but the life and vitality have gone out of the thing. It is true that Sidney Fox is charming and that both Lewis Stone and Paul Lukas are excellent actors, but director John Stahl doesn't seem to have caught the idea. As in the play the action takes place in a cozy little Italian speakeasy in the 40's just off Broadway. The difference between the play and the film seems to be that between good Italian wine and the raw alcohol-and-water mixture which I am told all Californians drink.

"*Are These Our Children?*"

Wesley Ruggles—remembered for his *Cimarron*—has written and directed a film about our old friends, those wild young people, which is so well done that it deserves attention. Obviously inspired by some of our more youthful gangster killings, it is perhaps preposterous. Perhaps, also, its characters are unreal; flabby drug store cowboys and their cheap little tarts—but then America is preposterous and much of what we read in the daily papers is not only absurd but utterly impossible. And yet—these things *do* happen, and Mr. Ruggles has done much with a hackneyed theme. It is a much better film than the movie of Mr. Dreiser's *American Tragedy* which it suggests in some ways. It should be noted, however, that Mr. Ruggles has made no attempt to "indict a civilization" or write a great novel. He has merely thrust before us the story of a flashy, weak-willed eighteen-year-old high school boy who falls into bad company, kills his uncle in a drunken brawl, and, after a much publicized trial, ends on the gallows. Until almost the very end he is flip, conceited and untouched by whatever depths of beauty or terror life may hold. He is an entirely American phenomenon, perhaps more American than the boy in Mr. Dreiser's *Tragedy*.

CREIGHTON PEET.

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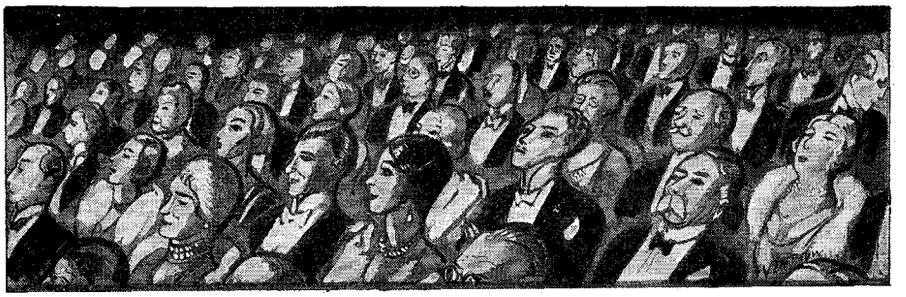
The Latest Plays



THE theatre is feeling much better, thank you. At any rate in New York the cash customers seem to be coming out of their hiding places and supporting the show-shops. It looks as though it took *Mourning Becomes Electra* to get people talking about the theatre again but the discussion has not by any means been confined to the O'Neill tragedy. The past week or so has seen another new show, Elmer Rice's *Counsellor-at-Law*, do capacity business almost at once, and *Brief Moment* and *Louder, Please* should be and *The Social Register* probably will be with us for some time to come.

To my mind the most encouraging sign of the fact that there's life in the drama yet was the completely spontaneous applause which twice interrupted the action of *Counsellor-at-Law* the evening that I witnessed it. On neither occasion was there any evident "playing for a hand." The audience just couldn't help showing its approval. Elmer Rice's play deals with the happenings in a law office in somewhat the *Street Scene* technique: that is to say that while the central story is the struggle of a self-made young Jewish lawyer to avoid disbarment proceedings on account of a worthy but illegal action on his part some years before, there are many atmospheric characters introduced who have no direct connection with the plot but who add immensely to the illusion of actuality. Paul Muni is nothing short of brilliant in the title part and notable performances are also contributed by Constance McKay, Marvin Kline, Jennie Moscowitz and Martin Wolfson. Mr. Rice falls down on only one point. He has no idea of how to depict a lady or a gentleman, in the snobbish sense of the words. Without entering into a discussion as to whether ladies and gentlemen are preferable to nature's noblemen and women, they do exist. In *Counsellor-at Law* one character is meant to be a lady and one a gentleman. They are only ridiculous without being in any way true to any conceivable sort of life. However, they are only two characters out of twenty-eight, so by no means stay away on that account.

Another author who can depict real characters in S. N. Behrman, whose *Brief Moment* affords us our first chance to see Alexander Woollcott on the professional stage. In fact, the people played by Mr. Woollcott and Robert Douglas *would* only think and talk instead of doing anything and whatever weakness the play may have on account of lack of

Recommended Shows

CYNARA: Finely acted play about fashions in fidelity.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS: Sprightly singing and dancing. A lot of laughs, too.

GRAND HOTEL: Dramatic hit now in its second solid year.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA: Eugene O'Neill's wordy but effective drama.

PAYMENT DEFERRED: Notable for Charles Laughton's brilliant characterization.

STREETS OF NEW YORK: Amusing and timely revival of the old Boucicault comedy melodrama.

THE BAND WAGON: Wittiest and most tuneful revue in town.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET: Reopened with, we hope, Katharine Cornell feeling much better.

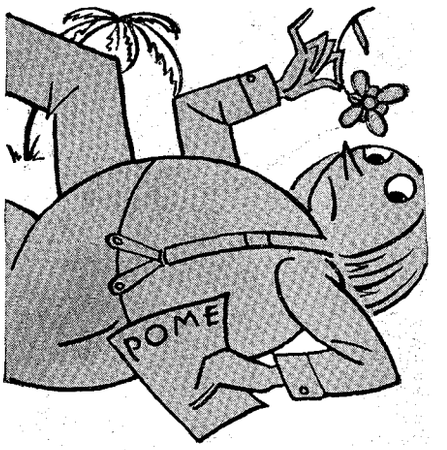
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE: Jerome Kern's music well executed.

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY: Interesting study of the Old vs. the New South.

THE LEFT BANK: Elmer Rice's photographic depiction of Parisian expatriates.

action is caused by this fidelity by the author to his characters' probable behavior. A young man with too much money gets married out of his class to a night club singer. She develops and learns all the fashionable patter but it takes a threatened divorce for no really good reason to make them fall actually in love. Woollcott is the family friend who talks wittily throughout the play but who is far too lazy or too sensible to try to do more than keep out of any direct connection with the situation. Francine Larrimore is at her best as the wife and Guthrie McClintic has even succeeded in directing her to speak almost all of her lines so that they can be understood. If you just want penetrating, revealing or funny speeches without too many people rushing about the stage *doing* things, *Brief Moment* is the show for you.

(Continued on Page 412)



Dear Jim:

This isn't Mrs. Bob. It's me under a Costa Rican palm! I'm turning into a long-haired poet down here in this Crusoe country. Never saw such colors. Imagine a whole jungle of orchids! That's just about what we had out of Limon on the way up. Most beautiful mountain ride I ever saw. Feeling fine. Marvelous climate here in San Jose. And this new Gran Hotel is something to write about – it's no wonder that Costa Rica's proud of it.

Drop a line to the United Fruit Company – I forget the address*– and get the dope on their cruises to the Caribbean and West Indies. Do it before you get any older.

Bob

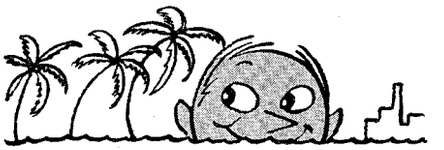
(*How could he? It's Pier 3, North River, Dept. L, New York, N. Y.)

GREAT WHITE FLEET

Three sailings weekly from New York and New Orleans.

Cruises from New York 18 to 22 days —$145. and up.—From New Orleans 10 to 16 days—$100. and up.

N. B. Of course he raved. Bob was one of the happy fortunates on that de luxe Costa Rica Cruise. Stops at Miami; Havana; Port Antonio, and Kingston, Jamaica; Panama Canal Zone; and Costa Rica. $225. and up.



Anchors Aweigh! The S. S. Talamanca, first of our six new ships, will make her maiden trip from New York to San Francisco late in December. Stops at Miami, Havana, Kingston, Panama Canal, and Los Angeles. Write for details.

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The New Books

Heirs of Woodrow Wilson

Newton D. Baker: America at War
By Frederick Palmer
Dodd, Mead; 2 vols., $7.50

Crowded Years: The Reminiscences of William G. McAdoo
Houghton Mifflin, $5.00

Franklin D. Roosevelt
By Ernest K. Lindley
Bobbs-Merrill, $3.00

Eighteen or nineteen years ago you could start a lively argument with a question about "the man who made" Wilson. Today there is little question about the men whom Wilson made. But for him we would hardly have the biographies of Baker and Roosevelt or the reminiscences of William G. McAdoo. Wilson gave them their chances—for the reason, of course, that all three had given him valuable support in 1912. If it was not invaluable support it was because they were novices at this game of national politics. Baker, known as a pacifist, had become mayor of Cleveland, but the 1912 convention was the first for him; so it was for McAdoo, a lawyer-promoter from Tennessee who had made his mark in New York by ramming the tubes under the Hudson, and for Roosevelt, but eight years out of Harvard Yard. By 1920, however, their cabinet positions—Roosevelt was in the Little Cabinet as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, of course—had pushed them into fame.

Through no fault of Wilson, McAdoo has been slipping ever since. His are entertaining tales, admittedly sharpened at the hand of W. E. Woodward, but one understands why McAdoo ends them with his resignation as Secretary of the Treasury. The twelve years since then have added nothing to his stature, and not even a McAdoo has the cheek to record his flirtations with the Ku Klux Klan in a book wherein he has written that "the only thing you can do about a religious bigot is to avoid him."

Roosevelt and Baker have grown since parting with Wilson; at the moment it looks as if one or the other may easily be the first Democrat to succeed him in the White House. In that connection Mr. Lindley has done his best to help Roosevelt carry the South by rather ignoring his final rush to the wet ranks, while Colonel Palmer certainly does Baker no disservice by unending references to his father's cavalry days under the Confederate flag. Aside from these trivialities the books are not to be compared. Mr. Lindley has come dangerously close to writing a campaign biography—a sketchy one which, if Roosevelt became President, would hardly serve as even a first-class outline. Colonel Palmer gives us a splendid and authoritative story of America at war. Baker's part as Secretary of War is not minimized, of course, nor is it exaggerated, for here is practically every phase of the war after 1917. Nevertheless it is a remarkable Baker which emerges, the pacifist who premeditatedly broke law after law in order to give Pershing a real army. Indeed Wilson outdid himself in giving Baker his chance.

DON WHARTON.

The Week's Reading

Incredible Carnegie
By John K. Winkler
The Vanguard Press, $3.50

Demosthenes became the world's greatest orator because, afflicted with a stoppage in his speech, he determined to overcome it, and did. Andrew Carnegie gave away during his own lifetime the impressive sum of $350,695,653.40 if not because he was a Scotchman, at least despite the fact. Mr. Winkler has told the story of this marvelous man with the same journalistic coloring that he laid on so thick in the cases of J. P. Morgan and J. D. Rockefeller. It is a good yarn; how could it be otherwise? And it is a timely yarn for these days when everybody is furnished with abundant chance to give something away. The Frick-Carnegie-Homestead strike of lamentable memory is told with quite admirable restraint and yet in detail. In this there is still a lesson: it was the most momentous incident that ever occurred on the banks of the Monongahela. We are told, to the cent, where the Carnegie funds are now and much of what is being done with them. The lesson that is in this interesting recital grows with the announcement of each dividend.

The facts of Mr. Carnegie's life throughout his eighty-odd years from Dunfermline in Scotland to Sleepy Hollow, back of Tarrytown, are tabulated with perfect precision. Each of these facts is a study in itself, but for a reason that Mr. Winkler either does not have in mind or failed, for esoteric reasons, to proclaim in his illustrated biography of 307 pages. You cannot learn much from a life of this kind. Andrew Carnegie is put down as a Ripleyesque believe-or-not case: we fancy him playing the golf of life with only one stick, the initial driver, for he made a hole-in-one every time. This is, of course, untrue. Even in reformed spelling, on which Carnegie spent thousands more than was wise, he made a birdie in the person of Brander Matthews, for that laudable enterprise was such a complete and utter dud that there was something neat about it.

When we are told that Carnegie was the author of eight books "and wrote every line of them himself" we merely smile and turn to Mr. Winkler's own life to see what dailies he used to write for. When we are informed that Carnegie knew every line of Burns's poetry by heart we think of some freshman whom we cannot persuade to memorize Heine's *Du bist wie eine Blume*. When

What to Read

FICTION

Maid in Waiting, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. A quiet drama of English life. Readers of Mr. Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles will find a few old friends.

The Almond Tree, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs, Merrill. The story of three sisters.

American Beauty, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. A story of early Colonial settlement, its growth, decay and final replacement by the new order.

Return I Dare Not, by Margaret Kennedy: Doubleday, Doran. An English playwright's week-end at a fashionable house-party; gay satire on the aftermath of success.

The Gold Skull Murders, by Frank L. Packard: Crime Club. A good, fast-moving mystery.

Mourning Becomes Electra, by Eugene O'Neill: Liveright. Greek tragedy in up-to-date guise; a trilogy of plays.

NON-FICTION

America Weighs Her Gold, by James Harvey Rogers: Yale University Press. For those who want a clear explanation of the effect of the gold supply on economic problems today.

The Care and Feeding of Adults, by Logan Clendening: Knopf. A book against cranks and in behalf of those who fall for the crank's schemes.

Theodore Roosevelt, A Biography, by Henry F. Pringle: Harcourt, Brace. The first full and impartial biography of T. R.

Music at Night, by Aldous Huxley: Doubleday, Doran. Essays on people, places and ideas.

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we are shown how Carnegie knew and slapped, either on the back or in the face, everybody worth knowing from the then kings and emperors to Gene Tunney's wife's grandfather, we can only say, a wide circle of acquaintances, Sir. When we look at the list of organs Mr. Carnegie gave away, we remember that he himself, though longing to become a musician, never even learned to indulge in the now moronic sport of whistling. When we read of the real founding (March 3, 1901) of U. S. Steel we no longer wonder why everybody, from Mr. Brisbane to bishops, held up a hand of warning. When we read that the Carnegie house on Fifth Avenue is assessed at only $997,833 we somehow click inside at the thought that ours on a much humbler avenue is assessed at a much higher rate, and conclude that "Incredible" has been given a new meaning by this life so full of startling eminences.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

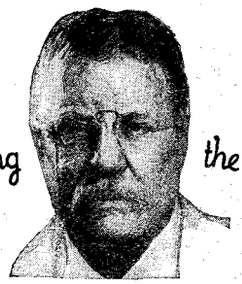
An Editor Looks At Russia
By Ray Long
Ray Long & Richard R. Smith, $1.00

Mr. Long is newspaper man as well as author and publisher. He writes briskly, amusingly and graphically. This slight volume is easy reading. We see bits of Russia with the eyes of a trained reporter. There is no attempt to settle the Russian problem as a whole, but what Mr. Long gives us in his hurried impressions will help us to know what Russia is today. His answer to the question why Russian workers accept tamely living conditions that in America would represent poverty and hardship in the extreme, is threefold: first, that, bad as things are, the worker was worse off under the old régime; secondly, that police enforcement and punishment are severe, sudden and certain; third, that "the Soviet system has given the Russian peasant and the Russian worker something he never had before—Hope."

R. D. TOWNSEND.

Time Exposure,
By Parkhurst Whitney
Farrar and Rinehart, No. 3, $2.00

After generations in which every one politely pretended that sex had nothing to do with marriage, any intelligent person, whether a novelist or merely a gossiping friend, who is speculating concerning the ups and downs of a wedded pair today is certain to be fascinated by this once *verboten* aspect. Mr. Whitney's "novel of American marriage," as the jacket describes it, naturally resolves itself into a story of what the mental corsets of 1901 did to a young couple who started their life together with much in their favor, including love. It might have been a noisy or a leering or a jeering piece of work in which the



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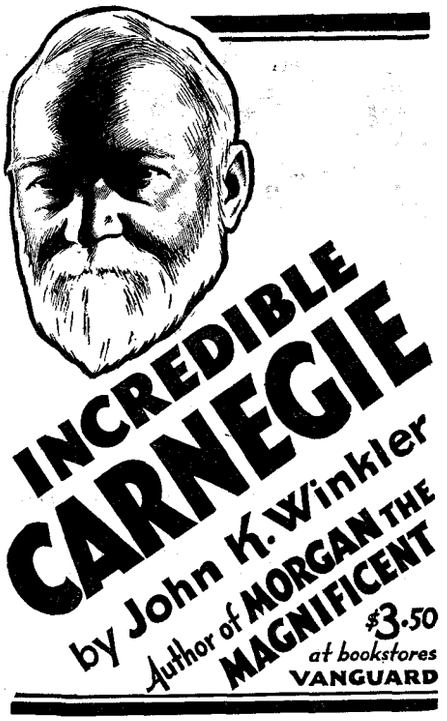

author merely has a good time feeling superior to the Victorians. But in Mr. Whitney's hands it is quiet and sympathetic and penetrating.

Time Exposure, with its scene laid in upstate New York, tells of the marriage of a pompadoured miss to a young go-getter of thirty years ago, and it sees her through to a sadder and wiser matron of the present day. Fannie Pardee, who thought that certain things weren't nice, almost lost her resentful spouse to a lush and curving charmer. After that experience Fannie learned, but she never learned quite well enough, never overcame her feeling that "the dark was the place for such things." The atmosphere of pre-war wickedness and voluptuousness is as potently suggested in the book as it was in those unforgettable Hoboken performances of *After Dark; or Neither Maid, Wife Nor Widow;* the curves and the sliding eyes, the beery smell of the rathskellers and the Hofbrau houses, it all comes back.

Mr. Whitney has gotten at a second curiosity of the feminine makeup, and that is the settling-down process which overtakes some women when they become mothers. The scene in which Fannie, fulfilled in her baby, finds that she has lost all desire to dance, is very searching. Mr. Whitney has not given us the why of this mysterious state of affairs, and neither has any one else; it is an enlightenment we are all waiting for. The Freudians could probably do it if they would, but they are so busy carving off the toes of life to fit the shoe of the Freudian formula that there are quite a few phenomena they have not had time to consider.

I have one quarrel with the book, which is not perhaps so much with Mr. Whitney as with the "Zeitgeist" which demands that literary works shall be lean and sparing and ascetic. For instance, his descriptions of the country around Canandaigua aad of the lake are so warm and happy that it seems rather Puritanical of Mr. Whitney, since he can do that, not to let himself go and do it a whole lot more. American authors are severe with themselves in these days, but when you like the quality of an author's mind you wish that instead of pruning, probably as much as he writes, he would develop the ego of a Proust or a Thomas Mann, who apparently think that their most inconsequential thought or their least felicitous phrase is a gem which must be preserved for posterity. Will some one please start a movement for the return of the dependent clause and of the three-volume novel?

HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH.

Job
By Joseph Roth
Viking Press, $2.50

Far off, in a tiny Russian village, lives Mendel Singer, a simple Jew, with his wife, his three sons and his one beautiful daughter. A single room harbors them all. They live on the weekly handful of kopeks brought by the village children whom Mendel Singer instructs in the Bible. The boy Jonas grows big and fierce, and in no way takes after his family or his race. Sheremiah, his brother, grows foxy and swift with his fingers. Miriam, haughty in her yellow shawl, soon walks in the fields by night with Cossacks from the garrison. Menuchim, the last child, whose birth severs Mendel and his wife from their mutual desire, has a big head, a swollen belly and weak legs. He cannot learn to talk. He is the source of the family woe. No day has been carefree since Menuchim was born, for he seems unsightly, crippled and tragic. The story of Mendel Singer's life, of his migration to America, of his wife's death and his son's death, of his bitterness and his frugal solitude, hinges wholly on the psychology of faith. He lives long in the warm, bright area of his devotion; then, from the stress of pain, he loses it; and again, at the last, a miracle restores him to it. Herr Roth detaches the Jew's life from the life of the world and presents it to you in quiet pictures. You somehow lose the sense of its storms. You do not experience a personal suffering. Yet its deep-seated sweetness holds you fast.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

The Silver Eagle
By W. R. Burnett
The Dial Press, $2.00

The strength and weakness of Mr. Burnett's famous hard-boiled style are nowhere more clearly shown than in *The Silver Eagle.* For one thing, the novel is a more pretentious offering than its predecessors; the characters represent varying degrees of wealth and refinement, and Harworth, the central figure, is a complex individual whose association with the gangsters is largely involuntary. The story is excellently constructed; the gesture, in the first scene, that eventually causes Harworth's death also leads him to his personal success in social and artistic circles. Indeed, in the last section of the novel, the sense of foreboding, stimulated by the entrances of the ominous Canovi and his associates, almost races with Harworth's growing potentialities of security and happiness.

All this, the excitement and the foreboding, can be set down as representing the best aspects of Mr. Burnett's clipped, pointed style. The very inarticulateness of his characters is made to suggest suffering, or fear, or self-consciousness, depending on the author's manipulation of their silences, and the effect created is one of an extreme nervous tension too great to be put into words. But there is a limit to what silence can be made to suggest, and nervousness and strain as an unvaried literary diet grow slightly monotonous. Mr. Burnett's style seems designed to convey little more; Harworth is as close-mouthed with Louise, the girl he is to marry, as he is with his gangster associates. There is no eloquence, no tenderness, never a moment of self-forgetfulness. Harworth's story is exciting, but his death awakens no deeper emotional response than the interest created by the working out of a deft and ingenious plot.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

A Buried Treasure
By Elizabeth Madox Roberts
The Viking Press, $2.50

The patient drama of the inarticulate achieves a certain dignity, perhaps because of its contrast to the elaborate lives we know. When a rheumy old farmer and his wife discover a pot of gold and silver coins under a rotting stump in one of their fields, the scene is laid for upheaval. Andy, who has never managed to do anything but keep out of debt, sits fingering his treasure, sits mumbling to himself, sits guardedly by his pot, assuring his wife that he always was a lucky man. Meanwhile Philly, polishing the coins one by one, plans a new roof for the chicken-house, a silk dress for her own cousin's daughter, Imogene, and maybe even a wedding for Imogene, with cake. But a pot of gold and silver coins cannot be treated casually. It must be stowed away where no covetous eye can catch its gleam, where no bold fingers can reach it. So Miss Roberts tells how Andy

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and Philly hide the pot, how they almost lose it, and how its discovery brings about Imogene's wedding. Once, in her images of this backwater community, Miss Roberts strays from a simple reality to show you a hen laying its egg in a dark corner, then pecking open the egg and sucking the contents. For the rest, her book flows along its narrow channel, carrying its weight of inarticulate, choking feeling, through a lonely, human landscape.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Behind the Blurbs

The Romance of French Weaving
By Paul Rodier
Stokes, $10.00

A magnificent Christmas present for any one interested in tapestries and textiles, written by the head of a French firm famous as manufacturers of hand-woven fabrics. The book is exhaustive and superbly illustrated, and is also very entertainingly written, including much interesting historical material, so that it will appeal to the general reader as well as to the collector.

Companions on the Trail
By Hamlin Garland
Macmillan, $2.50

Through the pages of this continuation of Mr. Garland's reminiscences pass the figures of Mark Twain, Henry James, St. Gaudens, Roosevelt, Burroughs, Macdowell, Tarkington and scores of others active in American literary and artistic life in the first decade and a half of this century. Garland traveled and lectured all over the country; he enjoyed meeting people, and he met and talked with hundreds; these expanded excerpts from the diary he kept add another—and probably the most interesting—chapter of the record of American life begun in *Trail Makers of the Middle Border*.

Sins of America
By Edward van Every
Stokes, $5.00

Further revelations of the moral corruption of the land of the free, taken from the pages of the old *Police Gazette*—which, in *Sins of New York*, has already provided us with some horrifying glimpses into our more recent national past. This new volume contains accounts of the Beecher-Tilton case, the disappearance of Charlie Ross, the death of Jesse James, and a hundred minor scandals, together with hundreds of illustrations from this robust grandfather of the tabloids. Of them all we perhaps like best that scene of revelry in Rockland, Ill., where the climax of a riotous evening is the onion game, "all the rage at Western social gatherings," in which "the gentlemen are required to kiss all round the circle to discover the young lady who has bitten an onion."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Notable Recordings

AMONG the records which have been piling up while this column had to be omitted for the last couple of weeks, transcriptions of the classics have been much the most notable. Right at the top of the list is the Philadelphia Orchestra's playing of Bach's *Fugue in G Minor* as arranged and conducted by Leopold Stokowski. On the reverse of the twelve-inch disk they perform the Bach Choral Prelude—*Christ lag in Todesbanden*[1]. I have never heard such good recording. Stokowski's recent intensive study of radio and phonograph work has borne magnificent fruit. On no account should anyone miss hearing and buying this remarkable record.

Bach is given another brilliant interpretation by Joseph Szigeti in the unaccompanied violin solo, *Sonata No. 1, in G Minor*[2]. His tone and pitch are clear and accurate and great feeling and comprehension are apparent throughout with utter absence of mannerisms or affectations. This is an imported recording on two twelve-inch records and it is sincerely to be hoped that the Columbia Company will find the demand sufficient to warrant their having made this fine work more available in this country.

Proceeding chronologically, the next outstanding new disks are those of Willem Mengelberg and his Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam performing the Beethoven *Lenore Overture No. 3* sufficiently well to evoke very favorable comparisons to the various previous recordings of this much played work[3]. It is on three sides and the fourth is filled out with the same composer's *Ruins of Athens: Turkish March*.

A bit more modern, in fact, for its time, very advanced is Borodin's *Symphony No. 2, in B Minor*, which is given us by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Albert Coates[4]. Mr. Coates plays this highly nationalistic symphony with a great deal of spirit, but the recording is not up to the standard set now in Camden by Stokowski. But it is only in comparison with that that it suffers and many phonograph libraries should have a place for it on account of the infrequency with which it appears on programs.

Another neglected work is César Franck's *Psyche, Symphonic Suite for Orchestra*[5], and it is a pleasure to recommend the delicate playing of it by Gabriel Pierné and the Orchestra of the Concerts Colonne. Its somewhat tenuous moods are accurately caught and depicted in this album.

O. C.-T.

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The Latest Plays

(Continued from Page 407)

Although it is very slow in getting under way and there is an exceedingly unimportant story even when it does get started, *Louder, Please* is by far the funniest piece in town from the middle of the second act on. It is still another lampoon of the movie business and it looks as though Hollywood were an inexhaustible source of rowdy material. The plot of the play, by Norman Krasna, is a typically farcical one in that it is impossible to summarize without making it look even more ridiculous than it is. However, the way George Abbott, the director, gets things going with the expert assistance of Lee Tracy and Robert Gleckler as a resourceful publicity manager and a comic detective respectively, is hilarious to an extreme.

Ethel Barrymore looks exquisite and acts quite badly in the revival of *The School for Scandal* which creaks dreadfully and is otherwise only notable for a fine performance by Charles H. Croker-King as Sir Peter Teazle. Lenore Ulric is completely wasted in *The Social Register*, a preposterous farce of the type I had hoped the movies had monopolized by now. The thing will probably run on account of the star's appeal, but don't think I advise going to see it. By saying nothing at all about *Marriage for Three* and *Sing High, Sing Low* except that they should be left severely alone, I seem to have concluded the list of the week's new offerings in the theatre. That's that.

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REMARKABLE REMARKS CONTEST

For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

▶▶ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◀◀

MR. C. H. BIRD of Bethlehem, Conn., makes very sturdy and handsome hand-turned and carved chessmen in three sizes. In the Club size the king is four and a half inches high; in the Small Club size, three and a half inches high; and in the College size, three inches high. They are made in black walnut and maple, red and white, green and white, and black and natural. The lacquers and enamels used in the finish are beautifully smooth and brilliant, and thoroughly durable. An exclusive feature of these sets is the one-piece knight. The picture will give you an idea of what they look like. Mr. Bird also makes hand-turned checkers.

▶▶ WE'VE heard of a new toothbrush that has a spring in the handle which, when wound up, makes the small brush part rotate rapidly. Placed against the teeth it polishes them up in no time at all. One of its great advantages, it seems to us, is that it gives the American householder something to wind up at night, now that electric clocks are coming in. Put out the cat and wind up the toothbrush. And it will add a new morning sound to the twitter of birds and the rattle of coffee things: the buzz of the neighborhood toothbrushes.

▶▶ TWO new Eveready products are an electric candle and a pocket light. The former is of Dura Silver alloy, French Colonial in design, with ivory lacquered tube at the top of which is a small pear-shaped frosted bulb. It has luminous spots by which it can be located in the dark, turns on automatically when lifted, and will give a steady light when standing. The pocket light is small and flat, enameled in a modernistic design of black and red, and has a translucent lens that takes up the full end of the case.

▶▶ THERE'S a neat brush for your automobile which isn't really a brush at all, for it has no bristles. Instead there are ridges of vulcanite which pick up the dust and hang on to it by frictionized electricity. If that's any advantage to you.

▶▶ ALSO may we draw your laggard attention to a fireproof steel safety box wherein your jewels and papers will be safe not only from moth and dust and thieves, but also from the flame that consumeth. Made of heavily insulated steel, measures fifteen by eleven and a half by six inches, and weighs 36 pounds—which should make it overweight for any but the most stalwart burglar.

▶▶ A FOLDING service wagon has impinged upon our consciousness. It is 30 by 16 inches, made of green enameled wood, runs on little rubber-tired wheels and can be folded up flat and put away when not in use.

▶▶ AN ALARM clock that first rouses you with a melodious chime, and then if you ignore this gentle admonition bursts out with a sharp imperative jingle, may be had for the sum of three-fifty—or with luminous dial four-fifty. Black lacquer with nickel rim.

▶▶ FOR bathing the baby there is a complete outfit consisting of a canvas table on a frame that will fit any bathtub, a shower hose and a rubber sheet. You can give him either a shower or a sponge bath. Holes in the canvas allow the water to flow through, and after the bath, the rubber sheet spread over the canvas gives a work table of the right height for drying and dressing him.

▶▶ MAYBE you've seen one of those spoons that combine the functions of spoon, measure for drink ingredients, corkscrew and bottle opener. Spoon at one end, measure at the other, and inside, the corkscrew. It probably saves a lot of hunting around when you feel you have to have a drink in a hurry.

▶▶ YOU can now get picture wire to match your walls. It comes wound with rayon in blue, gray, pink, green, tan and yellow. Fifteen feet to the roll, tested at thirty pounds.

▶▶ SOME of the best people, we are told, are going to send out cotton Christmas cards this year. We've long felt that theatre programs should be printed on cotton so that the rustle and rattle of paper should not interfere with our enjoyment of what She says to Him, as related by the lady in the seat behind ours. But this isn't that kind of cotton: it is chemically stiffened and glazed, and done up in the modernistic manner and comes in bright colors and various metallic finishes.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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From the Life

The Cellar

He walked the streets of the city, going nowhere—looking for work. His hands deep in his pockets. His thoughts deep in his mind.

What was the use? argued his secret self. Here he was just turned a man, moral and law-abiding and sober. Starving himself on the little he'd saved, walking the streets every day—why, the gunmen were better off!

He brought himself up with a jerk. Can the stuff, he told himself gloomily. A man's character and self-respect were worth something. He'd try two or three more places where they might take him on. Then he'd get himself a bite and go back to his room.

But they weren't taking anybody on at the next two or three places. So when he stopped in at a strange joint that looked cheap enough and the waiter whispered something about "gute" beer, he guessed he pretty near had to have something to cheer him up a little.

After the sixth glass he told the waiter confidentially, "Y'right. 'S good beer."

"It's all good," the waiter assured him solemnly. "Beer and everything."

"Lish'n," he whispered confidentially, "bring ever'thing."

He didn't know how much later it was when he found himself walking the streets again. But all was change. The street lights were as high as the sky. He was no longer looking for work. The city belonged to him.

At the thought, he strode into a brightly lit building and lifted his hand. At once the people in front of him stopped eating and drinking. He never troubled to speak—speech had seemed difficult to him for some time. He merely pointed to a bright piece of furniture and it was opened; gold was taken from it and brought to him with cringing bows.

He was in the street again, confident and powerful. He was entering another lighted building, his hand uplifted—

After traveling for miles with great ease and no thought of weariness, he came at last to a small bright building that bore a sign in front. He looked up and read the words LUNCH WAGON. This then was not a building at all. It was a conveyance. At once he stepped inside, sat down on a stool and waited. Soon, he thought, they must be starting.

In his pocket was a flask, put there, no doubt, by some thoughtful minion. He uncorked it and began to drink. Some one obsequiously offered him food, but he shook his head. After a while some one anxiously pressed him to drink out of a glass, but he refused in silence, continuing to drain his own flask. Presently some one stood in front of him, waved a hand grandiloquently, and said, "Down in the cellar." Some one took him by the arm.

It was amazing! Marvellous! He couldn't believe it! A lunch wagon with a cellar! Impossible! He began to laugh even as he descended the steps. He thought he would choke with laughing—and then he realized that his companion was about to leave him in a small hole, dark and underground. This was too much. His right hand whipped into his hip pocket, his left hand untied an apron from around his companion's waist. In a few minutes the fellow, tied with strips from his apron, lay securely upon the floor.

Another fellow descended and was tied up. Once more he began to laugh at what was now his favorite joke, when a third fellow came down. This last one talked too much, saying he was the owner of the place—saying, what the hell was going on?

Nevertheless he untied the first fellow sufficiently to tie up the last, poked his pistol—for that he found was what was in his hand—into the first fellow's back and with him once more ascended into the wagon. Here he gravely demanded more gold and stepped out again beneath the stars. . . .

He woke up suddenly. Had he been dreaming? Around him were the familiar dun walls of the rooming house. He sat up. This was terrible. What was it he had been laughing at? And he was still in his clothes. He thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled it out full of money. He dashed downstairs and out into the street. Yes, there it was in the newspaper—"Unidentified Thug Holds Up Restaurants."

Horrified, he stuck the newspaper in his pocket. Without waiting for breakfast he started for the police station. He couldn't stop until he'd had this person arrested—this gunman who was himself. He couldn't rest until he had returned the wad that wasn't his. . . .

He sat alone at last in a narrow cell, his head bowed with shame and contrition; when it seemed to him suddenly that he was sitting in a cellar—a cellar under a lunch wagon. And throwing back his head unexpectedly he began without interruption to laugh.

Ibby Hall.

Writing . . .

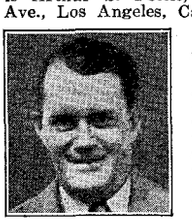
a source of income that many people neglect

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, sports, travels, recipes, etc.—things that can be easily and naturally written, in spare time.

Mrs. Cherry Bomer Smith, 2315 Cherry St., Vicksburg, Miss., is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. She writes:

"I have enjoyed the course very much indeed and wish to report that I just sold a feature article for $40.00 to the Hearst newspapers, Sunday Supplement — the American Weekly Magazine."

Another of our student-members who tried is Arthur S. Pettit, 368¾ So. Burlington Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. He writes:



"Since enrolling with the N. I. A. I have written several articles for health publications that have been accepted. I am now engaged in the preparation of some articles on church music and on business. Again I want to assure you that I am well satisfied that I decided to learn to write by your copy-desk method."

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Why don't you write?

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Meet Mrs. Lenin

(Continued from Page 399)

very active in educational affairs. He had heard of my meeting with Krupsgaya and came in to enlighten me on certain subjects.

TO ILLUSTRATE the eagerness of the students to be considered a part of the fabric of the nation, *Tavarish* Krupsgaya related another incident of her travels:

"I attended a conference of scientists not so long ago where the students were asked to participate. One of the leaders of a student group told the following: 'Our group discussed the problem of the lack of equipment necessary for scientific study. One of the class suggested that we appeal to the chief of the factory of our district for this material. But I disagreed, and my fellow students were with me when I said we should ask the scientists for this equipment. We must show them that we are eager to learn—and that we are assistants in their work. They are in need of our help."

Comrade Zelenko then went on to tell me of the difficulties in the path of their educational program—"lack of funds and teachers, and the parents." His views on the receptiveness and coöperation of the average Russian parent differed from those of Krupsgaya. He explained that certain schools were given over to teachers to carry on various experiments, as the Soviet educational system is far from perfected.

Tavarish Krupsgaya listened to our little conversation attentively and joined in whenever her reminiscences seemed to illustrate a point in discussion. It was an hour and a half since I had entered her office, yet I lingered in that hospitable atmosphere, hoping for something—I did not know exactly what. As I have already said, it was impossible to become personal because I knew that not only would she have scorned to answer my questions, but our pleasant interview would have to terminate in a feeling of contempt. A Communist's life is in his work—he has no existence apart from it. This "human interest" stuff in which we deal here has no place in Russia. So many times I had been told, "Your newspapers are so funny. We laugh when we read them. Imagine writing about a man's private love affairs, or holding divorce up to ridicule."

THE feeling of dissatisfaction persisted even after the warm glow of our meeting wore off. I had met an idealist of the first order. Other Communists I had met were fired with this same love for humanity, but in a more aggressive and responsible spirit. Perhaps, if there were not so many eager hands to take up the burden, Comrade Krupsgaya would of necessity remain more active than passive. But the reason for her passiveness, I thought, was more in the weight of her past. Those days of extreme self-abnegation were over—days when she doubted very much the success of her sacrifices. Working underground, never knowing when the next order to move on would come, years in prison, in Siberia—and worst of all were the years spent in strange lands where the work was so limited. The present must seem happy, successful and easy by comparison!

T. R. in the Panama Melodrama

(Continued from Page 402)

vate communications. The most extraordinary among them, since the United States and Colombia were not at war, was a message to Beaupré on June 9, 1903, to be communicated in substance to Colombia's minister of foreign affairs. The United States felt that Colombia did not appreciate "the gravity of the situation," said Hay. She had initiated the canal negotiations. Her proposal had, "with slight modifications," been accepted by the United States. It was in "virtue of this agreement" that Congress had reversed its earlier judgment and "decided upon the Panama route." Delay in ratification or rejection of the treaty might compromise "the friendly understanding between the two countries . . . . [and] action might be taken by Congress next winter which every friend of Colombia would regret."

This communication, undoubtedly prepared with the advice and approval of Roosevelt, is notable for the number of misstatements it contains. First, the negotiations had not been initiated by Colombia but by the New Panama Canal Company, through Bunau-Varilla and Cromwell. Second, if the amendments to the treaty were "slight modifications," why did the United States insist upon their adoption? Third, the change from Nicaragua to Panama had been approved by Congress because of the activities of Bunau-Varilla and Cromwell, because of fear of volcanic disturbances, and because the Panama route was cheaper as long as the French rights could be bought for $40,000,000. Beaupré, of course, had no choice but to hand this message to the Colombian government and to report that it had "created a sensation." It was interpreted, the American minister telegraphed, "as a threat of retaliation" unless the treaty was ratified. Nevertheless, the Colombian Congress rejected the treaty on August 12, 1903, and it seemed as though the $40,000,000 so dear to the French stockholders had vanished once more.

On July 9, 1903, Beaupré telegraphed that the treaty would be ratified if the United States would increase its payment to $15,000,000 and would require the French stockholders to surrender $15,000,000 out of the $40,000,000 to be paid for their rights. This fixes Colombia's honor at $20,000,000. It had also been intimated to Bunau-Varilla that an annuity of $600,000 from the United States was more suitable to the magnitude of the enterprise.

Roosevelt, as he worked himself into a rage at Colombia, distorted the facts. The situation, he said, had been "exactly as if a road agent had tried to hold up a man. . . ." The Colombians were "entitled to precisely the amount of sympathy we extend to other inefficient bandits." ". . . . We were," the President told Congress in December, 1903, "more than just in dealing with them. Our generosity was such as to make it a serious question whether we had not gone too far in their interest at the expense of our own . . . . we yielded in all possible ways . . . . in drawing up the treaty." In his lengthiest defense, written when the Wilson Administration proposed to apologize to Colombia and pay an indemnity of $25,000,000. Roosevelt said that "this is done on the theory of soothing the would-be blackmailers" and cause them to forget "the

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of November 28, 1951

E. Z. Panaseer, famous for his management of Unemployment Relief drives in 1931, '32, '33, '34 and '35, has devised a plan for the Welfare Commission of Golden Gate, Cal., by which 98 per cent of the idle may be put to work soliciting unemployment funds on a ten per cent commission basis.

A new building ordinance will take effect next week in Metroburg requiring apartment house corporations to equip all automatic elevators with emergency rations, a supply of drinking water and folding cots.

The fifteen-year-old Ajax Building, demolished last week, was the last office building in existence in Laketown, Ill., not equipped with air-conditioning apparatus.

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mortification caused . . . . by the failure of their initial attempt to hold up the United States."

Undoubtedly, Colombia sought more money, but who were the potential victims of these "inefficient bandits" and blackmailers? On August 12, 1903, the day on which Colombia rejected the Hay-Herran treaty, Beaupré sent two messages to Congress and in neither of them was it suggested that the United States increase either the annuity or the outright payment. On the contrary, it is possible to show by quoting John Hay and Theodore Roosevelt that any additional sums were to be obtained from the $40,000,000 of the New Panama Canal Company. Who, actually, were the owners of the more or less worthless French stock for which this $40,000,000 was to be paid? Cromwell denied ownership, as did Bunau-Varilla. The sum was paid to J. P. Morgan & Company to be transmitted to the mysterious stockholders, but to this day their identity is unknown.

COLOMBIA, because of the provisions of the Hay-Herran treaty, could not strike a bargain with the French company. Roosevelt would not even consider such a bargain. On May 30, 1903, Beaupré informed Cromwell that his clients would have to pay many millions of francs before ratification was possible. But when the American minister told Hay that a $10,000,000 payment to Colombia by the New Panama Canal Company would be sufficient, the Secretary of State answered that the United States could not "covenant with Colombia to impose new financial obligations on the canal company. . . ." All the while, Cromwell was earning the $800,000 fee he was later to claim. He wrote almost daily letters to Hay. On June 14, for example, he described the dread possibility that Colombia might delay until the following year, 1904, and "get the whole $40,000,000 or else force the United States and the canal company to make up a purse of $20,000,000."

Roosevelt's letters offer further proof. "They are mad to get hold of the $40,000,000 of the Frenchmen," he informed Hay in August, 1903, "and they want to make us a party to the gouge." In his final apologia, he wrote that the Colombians had "expected to . . . . get from us the $40,000,000 we were to pay the French."

TO SAVE the money of the unidentified stockholders, whose names he did not know, Roosevelt made ready to seize Panama. He was not deterred by possible bloodshed or by the fact that the United States would violate the fundamentals of international law. His program was formulated very quietly.

•

Latin-American revolutions are frequently compared to "comic opera" wars. The Panama revolution was like that. Colombian colonels were lured from their regiments. There was buffoonery in designing the new flag. Showmanship and greedy politics were rampant everywhere, as told in the next installment. And it was charged that President Roosevelt acted with undue haste in recognizing the new republic. As a revolution it was a great success for all but the Colombians!

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The Truth About the Navy

(Continued from Page 397)

without any compensation either in British or Japanese islands essential to our own security for use as bases or any additional strength in other classes of ships in which we were weak.

At Washington, by promising not to continue the inadequate fortifications of the Philippines and Guam. Not to fortify the Aleutians, we made Hawaii our most advanced base in the Pacific; this means that even with superior strength in combat ships we have surrendered the Pacific west of Hawaii to Japan.

At London we agreed to a still further reduction in our allowance of combat ships, thus still further increasing the relative strength of Britain and Japan.

The primary argument advanced by these powers to bring this about was that the ratio they wanted was based on ships planned or authorized as we desired.

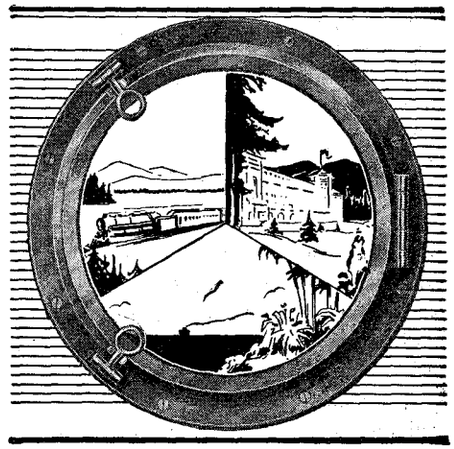
In other words, their attitude was the practical one of the maintenance of the *status quo* rather than of a theoretical ratio—this was the reverse of the Hughes Washington proposal and of the treaties which followed. They had the ships in the classes concerned because between the Washington and London conferences they had built them. We didn't have the ships, because while we had the same right to build and had even authorized considerable building, we did not carry it out. No better argument can be had than this of the fallacy of disarmament by example.

Exactly the same thing has been happening since the London conference.

The inevitable result of course is a steady shrinkage in our naval power.

It is extremely doubtful if today we

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



West Indies Cruises

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could adequately protect even our coast lines and the Panama Canal.

It is true that we are on the friendliest terms with both Britain and Japan; undoubtedly war is the last thing desired.

On the other hand, Britain, who is easily dominant against any European combination and Japan, who is absolutely dominant in the western North Pacific, insist on following the lessons of history by building and maintaining their national security regardless of present friendships.

This is their right. It is not their fault but our own if we prefer to allow the movement which was initiated at the Washington Arms Conference of 1921-1922 in a decade increasingly to become disarmament by example for us alone.

THE world's peace machinery is steadily working to the point where in case of war no neutrals will be permitted. Interference with our neutrality has twice brought us into what were primarily European wars. In the present Chinese-Japanese dispute the world's peace machinery has already talked of boycotts and removal of ambassadors, including this country's participation—both these causes in the past have always led to war.

Our navy officers know all these facts. They want the country to know them, understand them and decide whether we are to continue to disarm while the rest of the world as a consequence steadily increases their naval power by comparison with ours.

They want the camouflage of parity, peace and economy torn aside and the truth about the navy known to every American.

French Film Studios

(Continued from Page 403)

of the French 100-franc note. Many of the scenes in the prison are duplicated in the factory, where work along the assembly belt is shown to be not very different from life in jail. Some European critics say that Clair puts Communistic propaganda in all his films, but Clair denies this emphatically, saying that he ridicules wealth and pomposity simply to amuse himself. And, if I understand the Soviets correctly, he is right, for the Russians worship Mr. Ford's assembly-belt monotony. Anyway, what I saw of the new film was amusing and full of fanciful songs, and I suggest you watch out for it next January some time. René Clair has consistently refused all offers of American magnates—for which he should be congratulated. His intelligence, his wit and his originality could not long survive American factory methods.

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